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1945

THE MISSILE







# THE MISSILE

MAY

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY-FIVE



PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA



# THE MISSILE P

Vol. XXXIII

PETERSBURG, VA., MAY, 1945

No. 1

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Issued in May by the students of the Petersburg High School, Petersburg, Virginia.  
Subscription Rate: \$1:00 a copy; 75c by advance subscription.

# *"The Missile"*

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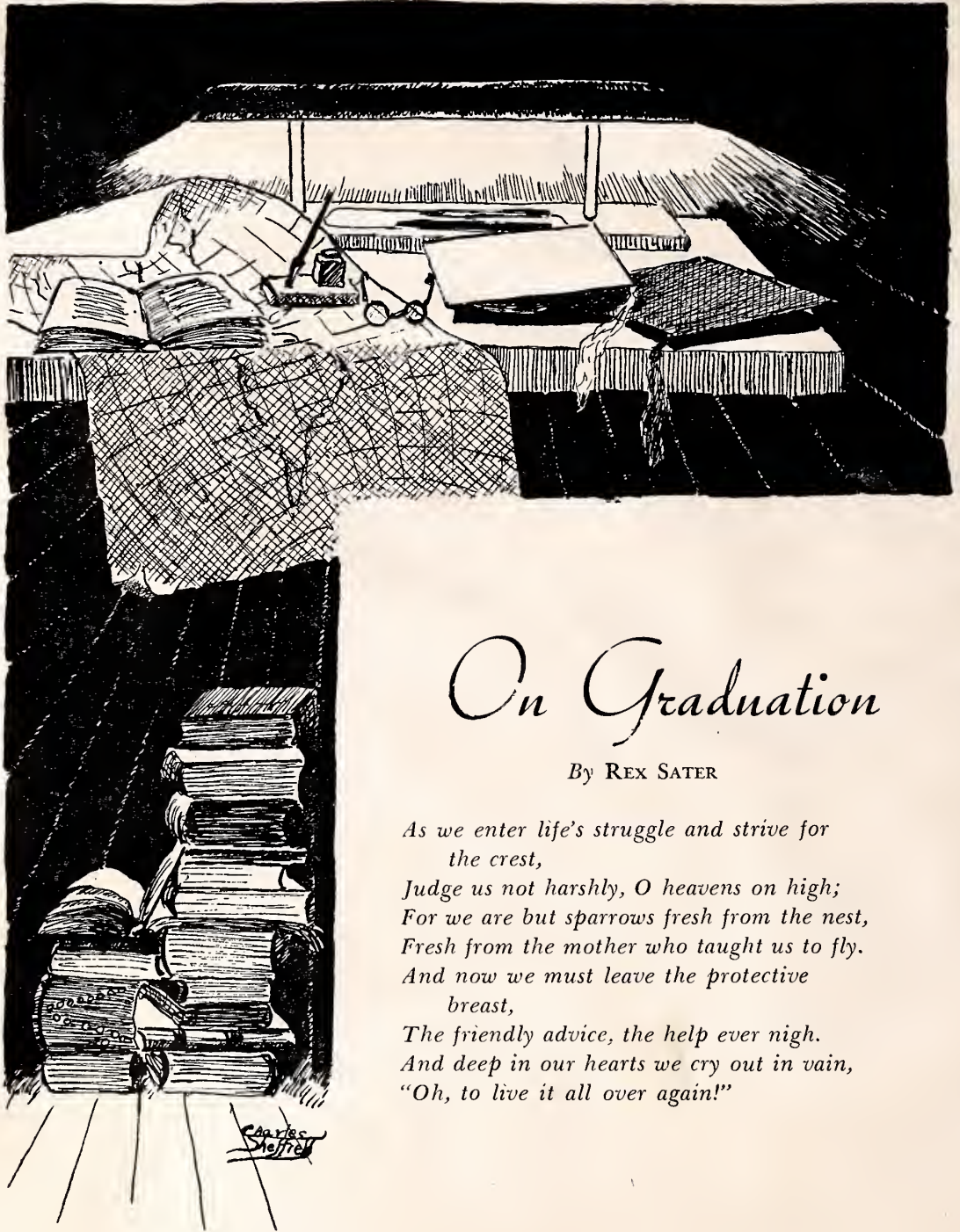
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MR. W. W. READE

#### Circulation

MISS CATHERINE JOLLY



# On Graduation

By REX SATER

*As we enter life's struggle and strive for  
the crest,  
Judge us not harshly, O heavens on high;  
For we are but sparrows fresh from the nest,  
Fresh from the mother who taught us to fly.  
And now we must leave the protective  
breast,  
The friendly advice, the help ever nigh.  
And deep in our hearts we cry out in vain,  
"Oh, to live it all over again!"*





---

# Senior Section

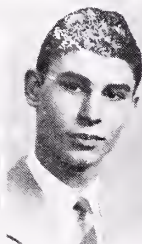
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Nan Coker Carter

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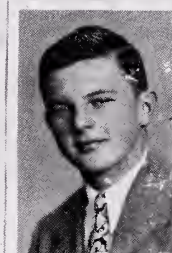
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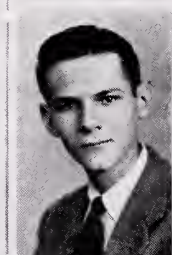
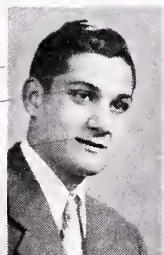
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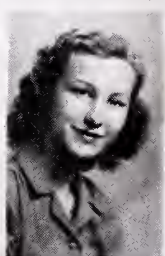
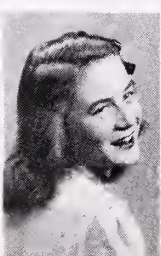
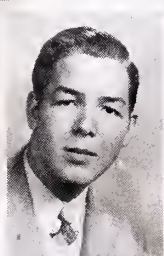
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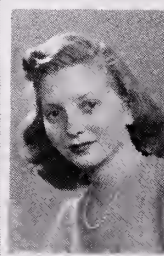
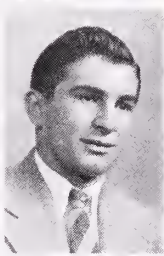
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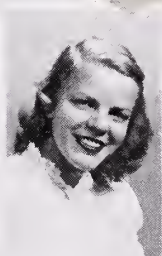
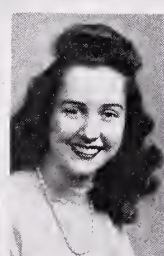
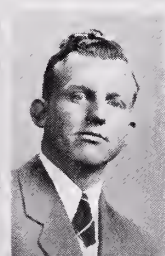
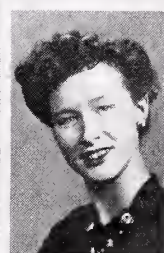
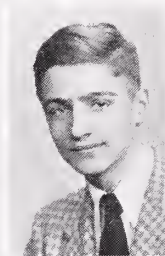
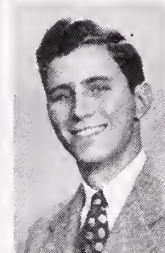
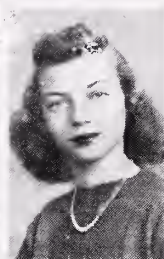
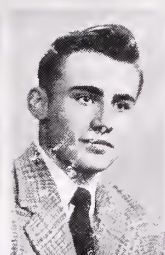
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John Everette Andrews



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William O. Kellogg  
Margaret Preston Hodges

1945



45

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The'na Louise Jones  
Roslyn Mae Brown  
Ruth Spottswood Wilkinson  
Sidney William Cowles



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Dorothy Cassen Elliott  
Marjorie Harris  
Mary Patricia Moore  
Virginia Lucille Vaughan  
Horace Palmer Bill, Jr.



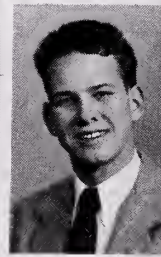
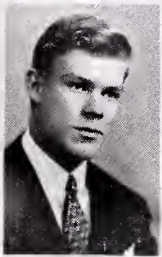
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Jacqueline May Blankenship  
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Deryl Rodney Perkins



Naurice Wilton Kidd  
Ann Gill Moots  
Claribel Filomena Rott  
Edna Christine Brockwell  
Annie Gardner Deadmon  
Curtis Gray Sneed





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Edw. Marcellus Barksdale, IV  
Rosa Leigh Jones



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Barbara Marie Pamplin  
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Richard August Zaruba



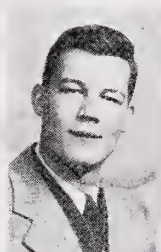
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Helen Joyce Evelyn  
Catherine Elaine Wade  
Rose DeArlington Payne  
Carl Ivan Pirkle, Jr.



John Duncan Woody  
Virginia Belle Dyson  
Sarah Frances Powers  
Dolly Theresa Elmore  
Annie Ruth Fry  
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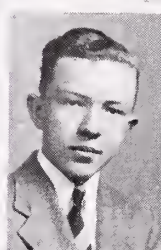
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Helen Marie Hamm  
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Olive Louise Doss  
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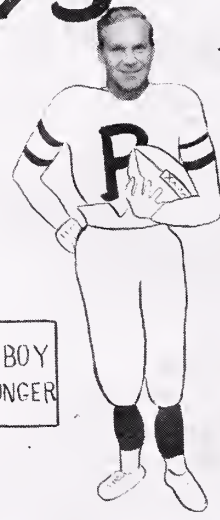
# P.H.S. Personalities Of The February Class 1945



GOOFIEST GIRL  
MARY VIRGINIA WALSH



GOOFIEST BOY  
MURRAY UNGER



BEST ATHLETE  
BOY  
BUCK KITCHEN



BEST ATHLETE  
GIRL  
DOLLY ELLIOTT



PRETTIEST GIRL  
BERNELL BROCKWELL

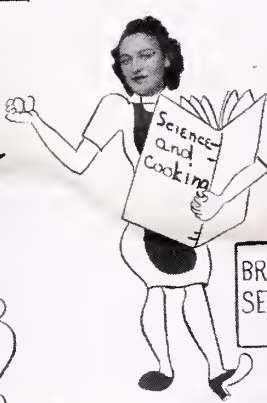
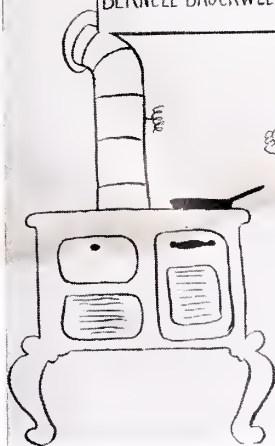


HANDSOMEST  
BOY  
WILTON KIDD

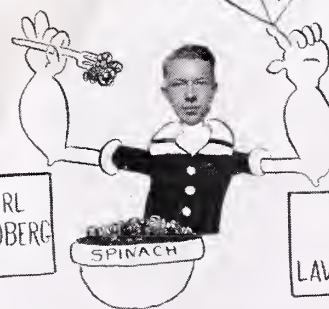


BEST ALL AROUND  
BOY  
JOE KINSEY

BEST ALL AROUND  
GIRL  
JANE EANES



BRAINIEST GIRL  
SELMA GOLDBERG



BRAINIEST  
BOY  
LAWRENCE SPENCER

PRETTIEST GIRL  
MABEL WILSON

BEST LOOKING  
BOY  
WALTER BURGE

BEST ATHLETE  
GIRL  
BARBARA PAMPLIN

BEST ALL AROUND  
BOY  
SIDNEY COWLES

# PHS PERSONALITIES OF THE JUNE CLASS 1945

GOOFIEST BOY  
JOHN HOWERTON

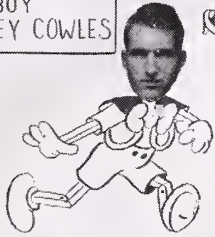
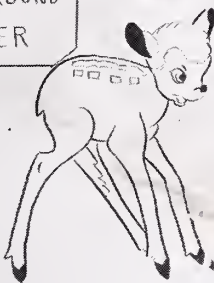
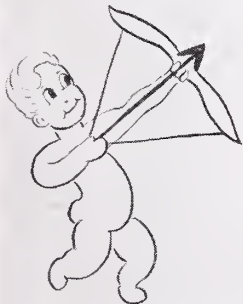
BRANDEST  
GIRL  
PRESTON HODGES

BEST ALL AROUND  
GIRL  
NAN CARTER

BRANDEST BOY  
BILL KELLOGG

GOOFIEST  
GIRL  
SARAH SEAY

BEST ATHLETE  
BOY  
OSCAR WOOD







Principal ..... RUSSELL B. GILL  
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 Librarian ..... ANN DEAL GALUSHA  
 Secretary ..... NINA CLEMENTS

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 Catherine Jolly  
 Russell B. Gill  
 H. Augustus Miller, Jr.  
 Georgia Wood  
 Mrs. Pauline C. Robertson

*Second Row*  
 Mae McIvor  
 Mrs. Bernice Long  
 Laura Meredith  
 Ann Deal Galusha  
 Frances Evans  
 Dorothy Harrington  
 Grace Herr

*Third Row*  
 Hazel Callahan  
 Mary T. Perkins  
 Lelia F. Huddle  
 Margaret Lewis  
 Katherine Jamison  
 Mary Bailey  
 Frances Morgan  
 Ruby Blanton

*Fourth Row*  
 D. Pinckney Powers  
 William W. Reade  
 Mrs. Allene Worsfold  
 Gladys E. Wilkinson  
 Nina Clements  
 Frances I. Browning  
 Howard Freas  
 Howard S. Holmes

*Fifth Row*  
 Edward B. Smoot  
 I. B. Pittman



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	MR. WILLIAM W. READE
	MISS CATHERINE JOLLY

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Jane Eanes  
Bill Kellogg  
Mabel Wilson  
William Ritt

*Second Row*

Lynton Goulier  
Idell Wilensky  
Beverly Cox  
Martha Lee Chambliss  
Curtis Williams

*Third Row*

Powell Seward  
Janet Hazard  
Dorothy Elliott  
Irma Blacker  
Selma Goldberg  
Wilbert Keys  
Christine Shepherd  
Arleane Donovan

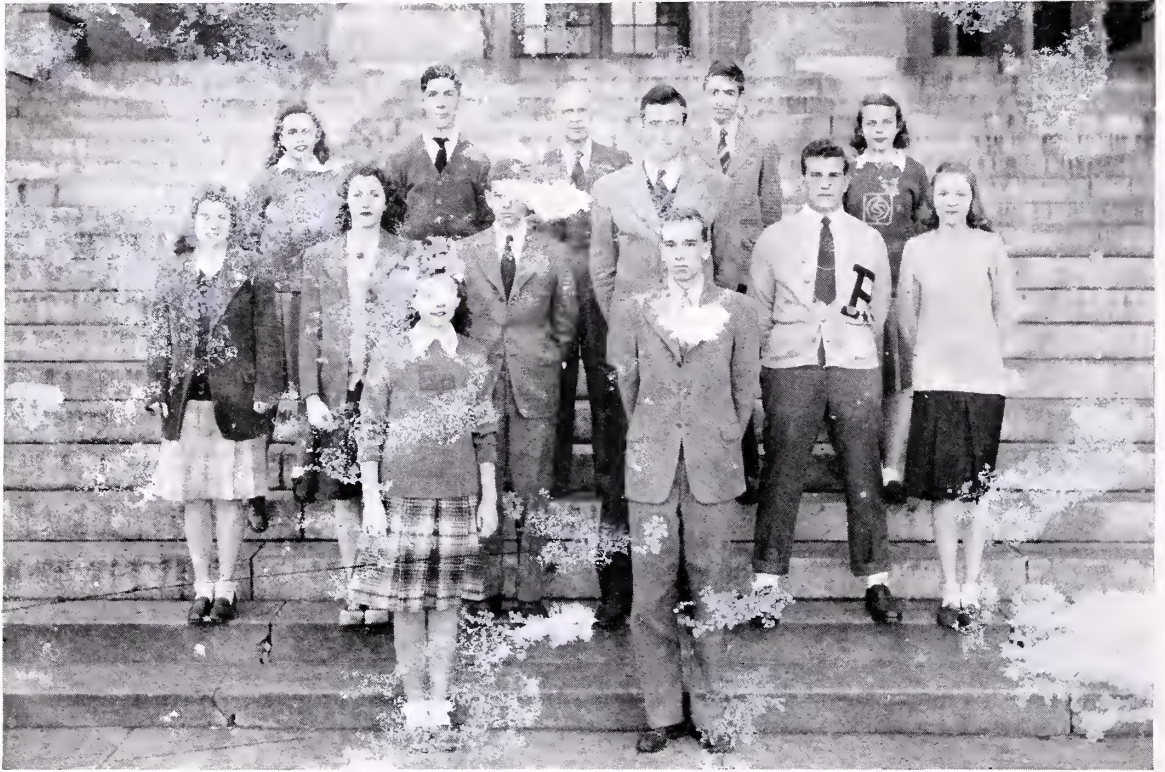
*Fourth Row*

Mr. William W. Reade  
Lawrence Spencer  
Stuart Talbott  
Preston Hodges  
Johnny Howerton  
Murray Unger  
Joseph Lyman  
Morris Brooks  
Miss Catherine Jolly

*Fifth Row*

Leland Short  
Elgin Campbell  
Nan Jones  
Mr. H. Augustus Miller, Jr.  
Marietta Parks  
Billy Jackson  
Charles Sheffield





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<i>Vice-President</i> .....	JOE KINSEY
<i>Secretary</i> .....	ANN MOOTS
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	JANET WATERS

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<i>Vice-President</i> .....	SIDNEY COWLES
<i>Secretary</i> .....	OSCAR WOOD
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	NAN CARTER

*Senior Committee*

Bill Kellogg  
 Jane Eanes  
 John Kinker  
 Kathleen Lunsford  
 Henry Highby  
 Margaret Whittle

*First Row*

Jane Eanes  
 Bill Kellogg

*Second Row*

Janet Waters  
 Ann Moots  
 Joe Kinsey  
 Sidney Cowles  
 Oscar Wood  
 Nan Carter

*Third Row*

Kathleen Lunsford  
 John Kinker  
 Mr. H. Augustus Miller, Jr.  
 Henry Highby  
 Margaret Whittle

*Senior Officers and Senior Committee*



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*Vice-President* ..... BILL KELLOGG  
*Secretary-Treasurer* ..... JANE EANES  
*Faculty Adviser* ..... MR. RUSSELL B. GILL

Beginning at the bottom of the P and reading clockwise:

Preston Hodges  
Bill Kellogg  
Jane Eanes  
Joe Kinsey  
Harry Taylor  
Sidney Cowles  
Patsy Wilson  
Mr. Russell B. Gill  
Lynton Goulder  
Rose Varn  
William Ritt  
Mary Kevan Lai  
Nan Carter





*President* ..... CURTIS SNEAD  
*Secretary* ..... JANET WATERS  
*Treasurer* ..... GLORIA MELVIN  
*Faculty Adviser* ..... MISS DOROTHY HARRINGTON

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Arline Holt  
 Anita Mersel  
 Juanita Cottrell  
 Janet Waters  
 Gloria Melvin  
 Jane Reade  
 Selma Goldberg  
 Mary Pritchett

*Second Row*

Betty Jane Bentz  
 Doris Horner  
 Mary Havice  
 Martha Robinson  
 Dorothy Watson  
 Idell Wilensky  
 Helen Hamm  
 Delores Duck  
 Jeannette White

*Third Row*

Ann Porter  
 Frances Moore  
 Evelyn Howerton  
 Ruby Talbott  
 Kay Horkan  
 Kitty Lee Pettus  
 Irma Blacker  
 Billy Jackson  
 Dorothy Horak  
 Alice Johnson

*Fourth Row*

Nancy Thompson  
 Anita Stewart  
 Helen Foussekis  
 Betty Snead  
 Frances Winsten  
 Nancy Jennings  
 Mildred Johnson  
 Nancy Crumpler  
 Alice Mayes  
 Betty Jane Steger

*Fifth Row*

Catherine Baker  
 Dorothy Elliott  
 Jean Carol Thomas  
 Mildred Ann Spain  
 Charlene Gordon  
 Marguerite Hubbard  
 Patsy Payne  
 Barbara Saal  
 Jean Phibbs  
 Jean Young Peterson

*Sixth Row*

Sarah Frances Powers  
 Jeanne Browne  
 Emily Cunningham  
 Cherry Millard  
 Evelyn Eades  
 Pattie Ruth Lewis  
 Louanne Love  
 Peggy Wommack  
 Marie Bulifant  
 Miss Dorothy Harrington

*Seventh Row*

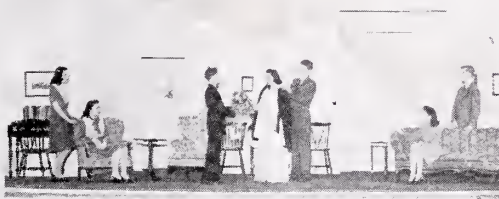
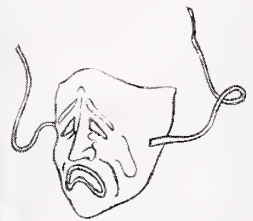
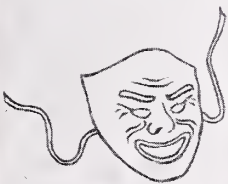
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 Howard Lum  
 Wallace Davies  
 Rex Sater  
 Ann Bonner  
 Jean Dunnivant  
 Mary Williams  
 Gloria Moore  
 Janet Hazard  
 Charlotte Harris

*Eighth Row*

Frank Currin  
 David Levenson  
 James Boyd  
 John Kinker  
 Mason Cole  
 William Gates  
 Wilbert Keys  
 Carl Hardy  
 James Mason  
 Leland Glazier  
 Eldred Elmore

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*Vice-President* ..... HELENE DEAL  
*Secretary-Treasurer* ..... ANN MOOTS  
*Publicity Chairman* ..... JANE READE  
*Faculty Adviser* ..... MRS. ALLENE WORSFOLD

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Alice Thayer  
 Dorothy Emory  
 Barbara Martin  
 Mildred Bowman

*Second Row*

Rosa Jones  
 Helene Deal  
 Rose Mayes  
 Theresa Elmore  
 Ann Moots  
 Jane Reade

*Third Row*

Jackie Ford  
 Lucille Hall  
 Mrs. Allene Worsfold  
 Thelma Jolly  
 Ethel Aldridge  
 Samuel Leys

*Fourth Row*

Gene Lambert  
 Herbert Williams  
 Henry Horak

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	MR. HOWARD S. HOLMES
	MR. W. W. READE

## *First Row*

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Joanne Hunt  
Mary Kevan Lai  
Curtis Williams  
Lynton Goulder  
Gene Joyner

## *Second Row*

Leland Short  
Mildred Johnson  
Alice Johnson  
Wallace Davies  
Billy Jackson  
John Kinker  
Lucille Vaughan  
Judson Smith

## *Third Row*

Niles Kitchen  
Herbert Miller  
Rudy Moser  
Harry Taylor  
Peyton Pollard  
Willis Bain  
Mason Cole  
David Ross  
D. A. Smith

## *Fourth Row*

Joyce Pulley  
Connie Gill  
Dewitt Brooks  
Phyllis Pugh  
Virginia Cockinoffler  
Bobby Quick  
Beverly McManaway  
Linwood Leigh  
Barclay Walthall  
Henry Higby

## *Fifth Row*

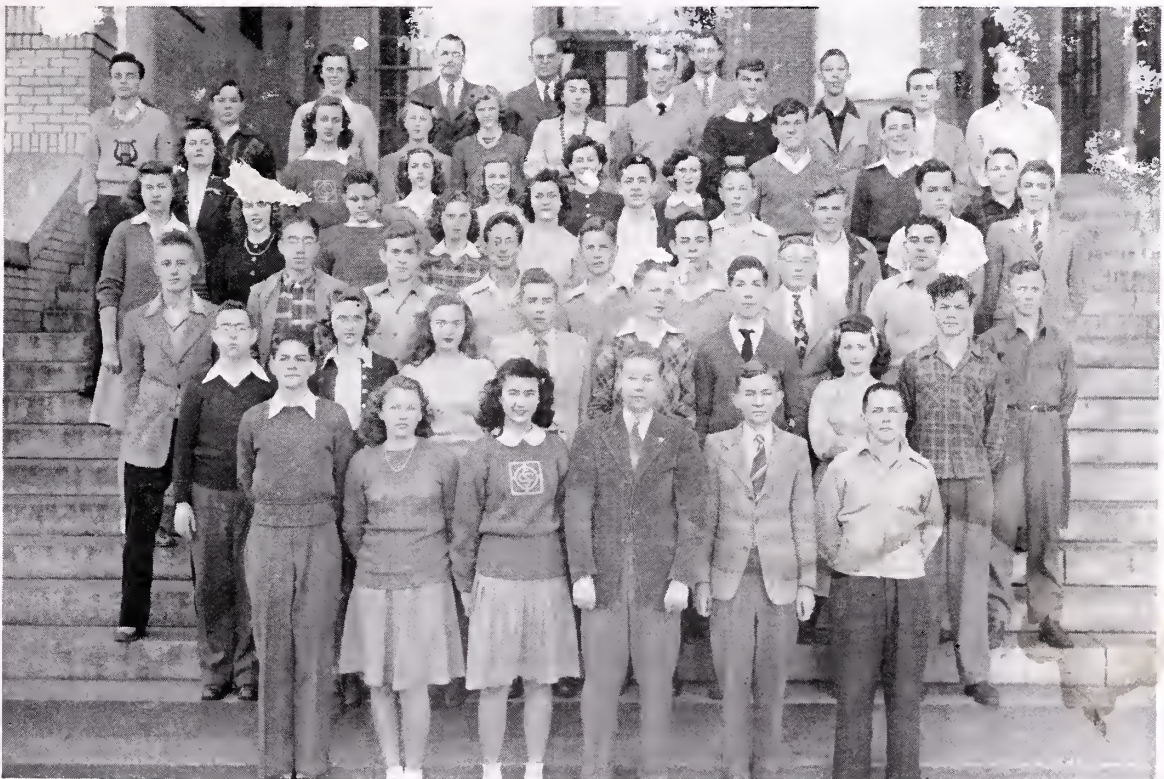
Mary Lee Moore  
Louise Perkins  
Frances  
Nell Washel  
Caroline Curningham  
Harrie Struminger  
Charles Lanier  
Bobby Clements  
Clark Kingery

## *Sixth Row*

Dick Procter  
Ed Cole  
Sarah Frances Powers  
Mary Anne Whitten  
Ruth Ellen Disharoon  
Barbara Saal  
Wesley Richardson  
George Jones  
Jimmy Jones  
Johnny Howerton  
Rodney Perkins

## *Seventh Row*

Mr. E. B. Smoot  
Mr. Howard S. Holmes  
Mr. W. W. Reade





Director ..... MR. RALPH STRONACH

*First Row*

Anita Gee  
Alleen Mason  
Colleen Mason  
Mary Bland Dunbar  
Alice Johnson  
Gloria Moore  
Lucille Vaughn

*Second Row*

Mabel Wilson  
Evelyn Howerton  
Frances Moore  
Helen Hamm  
Dorothy Horak  
Mary Williams  
Charlene Gordon  
Delores Duck

*Third Row*

Juanita Hopkins  
Jeanne Browne  
Jean Young Peterson  
Janet Hazard  
Charlotte Harris  
Helen Foussekis  
Anne Porter  
Marguerite Hubbard  
Geraldine Burnett

*Fourth Row*

Delores Thompson  
Shirley Belcher  
Ann Bonner  
Evelyn Eades  
Dorothy Elliott  
Ruth Disheroon  
Erma Titmus  
Peggy Wommack  
Marie Bulifant  
Shirley Starnes

*Fifth Row*

Jimmy Smith  
Emmett Agee  
Jean Phibbs  
Alice Mayes  
Louanne Love  
Pattie Ruth Lewis  
Nancy Crumpler  
Diane Pott  
Sarah Frances Powers  
James Mason

*Sixth Row*

William Ritt  
Eugene Tench  
Willis Bain  
Howard Lum  
Thomas Neaves  
Morris Brooks  
Bobby Quicke  
Frank Currin  
Richard Proctor

*Seventh Row*

Mr. Ralph Stronach  
Johnny Howerton  
Joseph Lyman  
Curtis Snead

*Glee Club*



# Monitors

Head Monitor ..... CURTIS SNEAD  
Faculty Adviser ..... MR. HOWARD S. HOLMES

*Reading from left to right*

Edward Clark  
Dick Zaruba  
J. Kinsey  
Bob Fotty  
Martha Lee Chambliss  
Marion Sparks  
Beverly Cox  
Delores Duck  
Barbara Pamplin  
Sarah Seay  
Jean Young Peterson  
Claiborne Ogburn  
Jerry Bradley  
Jimmy Jones  
Curtis Snead

*Front Center*

Jeanette White

*Far Right*

Mr. Howard S. Holmes





*Chairman* ..... JANE EANES  
*Secretary* ..... T. T. EDMUNDS  
*Treasurer* ..... BETTY SNEAD  
*Executive Committee* ..... ANN ROGERS, HARRY TAYLOR  
*Faculty Adviser* ..... MR. D. PINCKNEY POWERS

*First Row*

Allen Pirkle  
 T. T. Edmunds  
 Betty Snead  
 Jane Eanes  
 Ann Rogers  
 Anne Snead  
 Harry Taylor

*Second Row*

Mabel Wilson  
 Mildred Ann Spain  
 Joe Kinsey  
 Preston Hodges  
 Selma Goldberg  
 Jean Young Peterson  
 Jewell Winstead  
 Patsy Wilson

*Third Row*

Mary Pritchett  
 Elizabeth Ferguson  
 Nancy Jennings  
 Mildred Johnson  
 Jean Ivey  
 Grace Sadler  
 Jean Howerton  
 James Smith  
 Henry Higby

*Fourth Row*

Leland Short  
 Alma Givers  
 Patricia Moore  
 Kathleen Sholes  
 M. ba Woods  
 Phylliss Edwards  
 Jimmy Jones  
 Bob Totty

*Fifth Row*

Mr. D. Pinckney Powers  
 David Ross  
 Joyce Pulley  
 Charles Lanier  
 Charlotte Harris  
 Bill White  
 Edgar Goldston  
 Johnny Gray

*War Savings Club*



# Pep Club

Faculty Adviser

MISS MARY BAILEY

## First Row

Jean Shepherd  
Joyce Westmoreland  
T. T. Edmunds  
Christine Shepherd  
Miss Mary Bailey  
Mary Virginia Walsh  
Jean Moran  
Marilyn Cushman  
Mabel Wilson

## Second Row

Jane Water  
Nancy Jennings  
Frances Winstead  
Jean Carol Thomas  
Mildred Ann Spain  
Blanche Conette  
Ann Roger  
Caroline Bruner

## Third Row

Cecilia Grigg  
Betty Snead  
Martha Robinson  
Gloria Melvin  
Alice Johnson  
Jean Oliver  
Shirley Starnes  
Ann Hubbard  
Preston Hodges

## Sixth Row

Gloria Moore  
Carolyn Day  
Dorothy Elliot  
Martha Woods  
Rose Varn  
Patsy Wilson  
Phylliss Edwards  
Janet Hazard  
Jewell O'Farrell  
Martha Hinton  
Charlotte Harris  
Anne Snead  
Lillie Harrison  
Joyce Mann

## Fourth Row

Adelia Williams  
Jean Philbbs  
Jewell Winstead  
Betsy Heath Seward  
Charlotte Jones  
Mary Kevan Lai  
Eva Horkan  
Kitty Lee Pettus  
Sarah Seay  
Shirley Bristow

## Fifth Row

Violet Jefferson  
Nannette Ramsey  
Arlene Donovan  
Anne Robinson  
Jeanne Beckhuis  
Nan Carter  
Mary Elsie Livengood  
Mildred Johnson  
Barbara Pamplin  
Bobby Gould  
Jane Eanes  
Hettie Jean Barton  
Nell Crostic





*President* ..... ANNE SNEAD  
*Vice-President* ..... PRESTON HODGES  
*Secretary-Treasurer* ..... PATSY WILSON  
*Faculty Adviser* ..... MISS MARY T. PERKINS

*First Row*  
 Patsy Wilson  
 Anne Snead  
 Preston Hodges

*Second Row*  
 Kathleen Lunsford  
 Charlotte Jones  
 Cecilia Grigg  
 Rose Varn

*Third Row*  
 Ann Bain  
 Margaret Whittle  
 Marietta Parks  
 Mary Kevan Lai

*Fourth Row*  
 Janet Hazard  
 Miss Mary T. Perkins  
 Rosa May Seward

*Square Circle*



# O. G. Club

*President* ..... JANE BEEKHUIS  
*Vice-President* ..... JANE READE  
*Secretary* ..... JEAN DUNNAVANT  
*Treasurer* ..... MARY ELSIE LIVENGOOD  
*Faculty Adviser* ..... MRS. PAULINE C. ROBERTSON

## First Row

Mildred Ann Spain  
 Nanette Ramsey  
 Jeanne Beekhuis  
 Jane Reade  
 Carolyn Day

## Third Row

Arlene Donovan  
 Joyce Westmoreland  
 Nan Croster  
 Jean Oliver  
 Jean Dunnavant  
 Peggy Wommack

## Second Row

Jean Moran  
 Anne Robinson  
 Mary Elsie Livengood  
 Shirley Starnes  
 Jewell Winstead  
 Blanche Collett

## Fourth Row

Mrs. Pauline C. Robertson  
 Ann Hubbard  
 Nell Crostic  
 Joyce Mann  
 Shirley Bristow  
 Barbara Pampin





*President* ..... JANE EANES  
*Vice-President* ..... CHRISTINE SHEPHERD  
*Secretary-Treasurer* ..... T. T. EDMUNDS  
*Faculty Adviser* ..... MISS ANN VANLANDINGHAM

*First Row*

T. T. Edmunds  
 Jane Eanes  
 Christine Shepherd  
 Miss Ann VanLandingham

*Second Row*

Caroline Bruner  
 Betty Snead  
 Hettie Jean Barton  
 Bobby Gould  
 Ann Rogers  
 Marilyn Geiselman

*Third Row*

Kathryn Street  
 Sarah Seay  
 Betsy Heath Seward  
 Carolyn Hedrick  
 Violet Jeffers  
 Jean Phibbs  
 Martha Hinton

*Goober Pep Club*



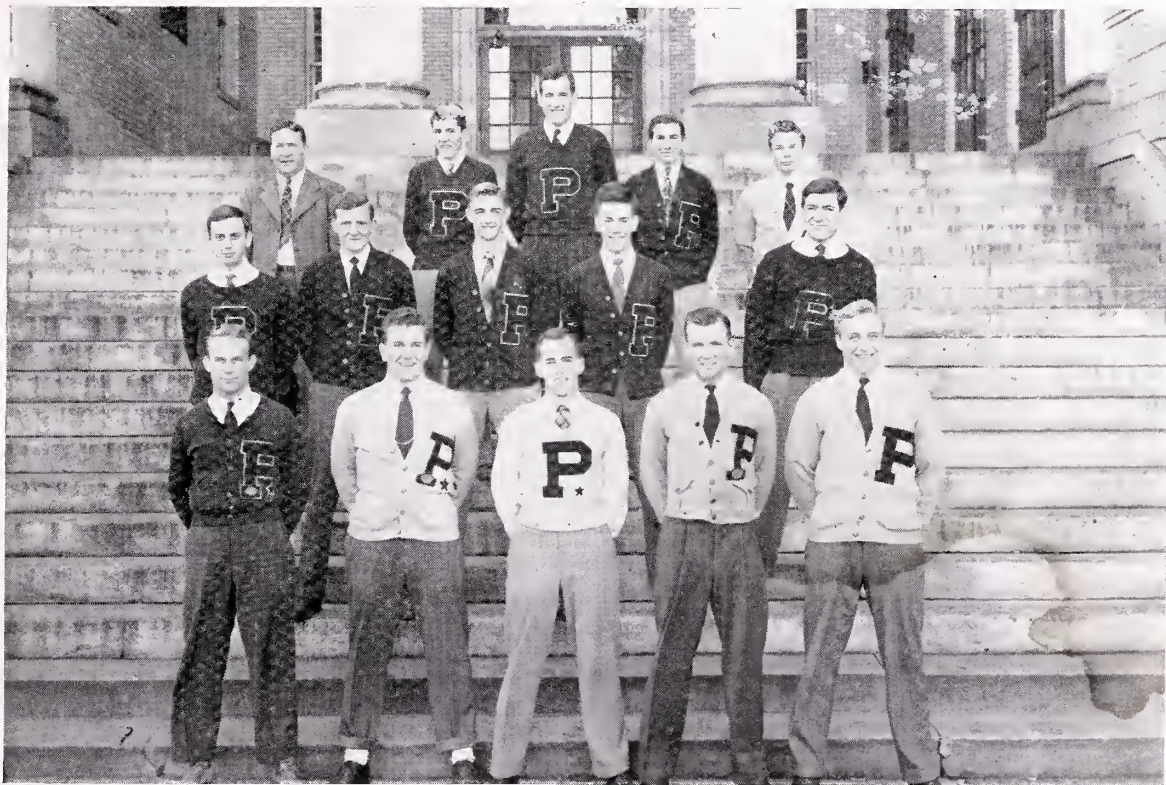
# Boys' Monogram Club

	Fall	Spring
President .....	OSCAR WOOD	BUCK KITCHEN
Vice-President .....	BUCK KITCHEN	BILLY RINKER
Secretary-Treasurer .....		RANDY MALLORY
Faculty Adviser .....		M.R. ED. MODLEY

First Row  
 Buck Kitchen  
 Oscar Wood  
 Randy Mallory  
 Bill Cash  
 Bobby Skalak

Second Row  
 Dick Zaruba  
 Eugene Tench  
 Paul Webb  
 George Mason  
 Dick Wright

Third Row  
 M. Ed Modley  
 Billy Ellis  
 Sidney Cowles  
 Edwin Williams  
 Billy Rinker





*President* ..... LINDA DAVIS  
*Vice-President* ..... HENRIETTA LANIER  
*Secretary* ..... SARAH SEAY  
*Treasurer* ..... BARBARA PAMPLIN  
*Faculty Adviser* ..... Miss ANN VANLANDINGHAM

*First Row*

Miss Ann VanLandingham  
 Shirley Bristow  
 Jean Shepherd  
 Henrietta Lanier  
 Barbara Pamplin  
 Linda Davis  
 Sarah Seay  
 Mary Virginia Walsh  
 Mabel Wilson

*Second Row*

Cecilia Grigg  
 T. T. Edmunds  
 Christine Shepherd  
 Jean Mahone  
 Carolyn Hedrick  
 Betty Snead  
 Frances Winstead  
 Delores Duck  
 Dorothy Elliott  
 Elizabeth Ferguson

*Third Row*

Frances Moore  
 Shirley Belcher  
 Charlotte Harris  
 Alice Johnson  
 Betty Jane Steger  
 Gloria Moore  
 Evelyn Eades  
 Jane Eanes  
 Preston Hodges  
 Bobby Goad

*Fourth Row*

Marietta Parks  
 Mary Bland Dunbar  
 Ann Hubbard  
 Selma Goldberg  
 Janet Waters  
 Carolyn Day  
 Gloria Melvin  
 Jean Young Peterson  
 Martha Robinson  
 Marion Sparks  
 Sarah F. Powers

*Girls' Monogram Club*



# Hi-Y Club

	<i>Fall</i>	<i>Spring</i>
<i>President</i> .....	JOE KINSEY	RANDY MALLORY
<i>Vice-President</i> .....	CARL PIRKLE	BOBBY BAXTER
<i>Secretary</i> .....	JACK WOODY	BILLY ELLIS
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	DICK ZARUBA	SIDNEY COWLES
<i>Faculty Adviser</i> .....		MR. ED MOTLEY

*Front*  
Mr. Ed Motley

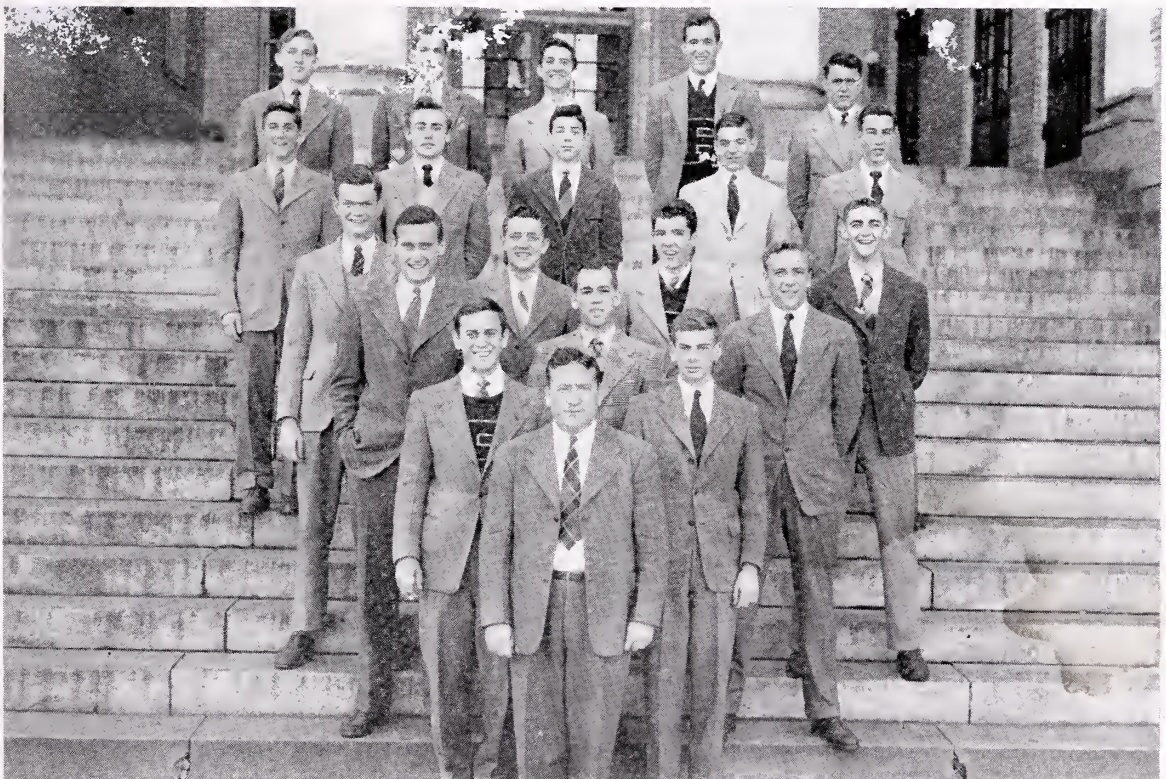
*First Row*  
Dick Zaruba  
Joe Kinsey

*Second Row*  
Jack Woody  
Randy Mallory  
Bobby Skalak

*Third Row*  
Jimmy Smith  
Walter Burge  
Billy Ellis  
Paul Webb

*Fourth Row*  
Donald Jacobs  
Bobby Baxter  
Zack Gray  
Allen Pirkle  
Billy Eudailey

*Fifth Row*  
Sidney Christian  
Clarence Cowles  
Preston Andrews  
Sidney Cowles  
Dick Motley





<i>President</i> .....	BOBBY GOULD
<i>Vice-President</i> .....	BARBARA PAMPLIN
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i> .....	T. T. EDMUNDS
<i>Secretary</i> .....	ANNE SNEAD
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	JANE EANES
<i>Faculty Adviser</i> .....	MRS. BARBARA F. LESTER

Beginning at the bottom of the triangle and reading clockwise:

Bobby Gould  
 Barbara Pamplin  
 T. T. Edmunds  
 Mabel Wilson  
 Cecilia Grigg  
 Nan Carter  
 Margaret Whittle  
 Patsy Wilson  
 Martha Hinton  
 Christine Shepherd  
 Sarah Seay

Arlene Donovan  
 Preston Hodges  
 Jewell Winstead  
 Marietta Parks  
 Marilyn Geiselman  
 Caroline Bruner  
 Jane Eanes  
 Anne Snead

*Far Right*  
 Mrs. Barbara F. Lester

*Tri-Hi-Y Club*



# Cheer Leaders

Head Cheer Leader ..... MARY VIRGINIA WALSH  
Faculty Adviser ..... MISS MARY BAILEY

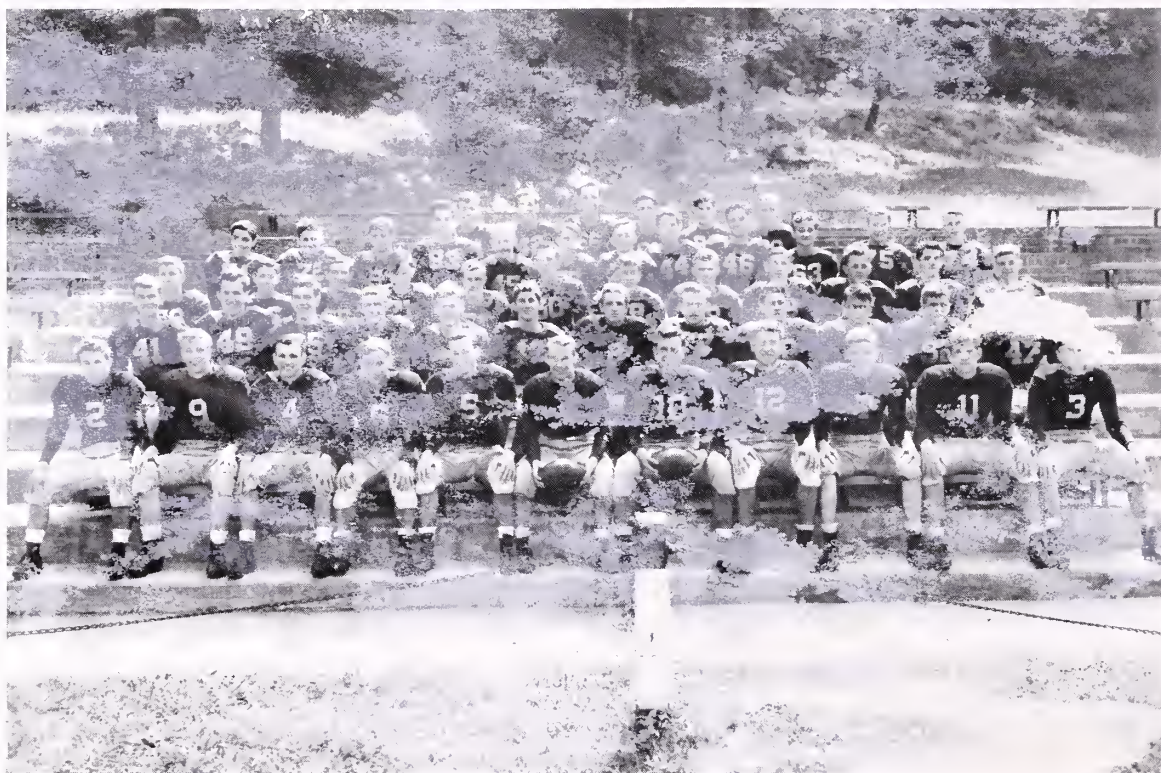
*Front*  
Mary Virginia Walsh

*First Row*  
T. T. Edmunds  
Jean Shepherd  
Jean Mahone  
Christine Sherberd  
Mabel White

*Second Row*  
Marilyn Geiselman  
Joyce Westmoreland  
Jean Moran  
Martha Hinton

*Back*  
Miss Mary Bailey





Co-Captains ..... OSCAR WOOD, BUCK KITCHEN  
 Coach ..... ROLAND C. DAY  
 Assistant Coaches ..... ED MOTLEY, BOB KILBOURNE

*First Row*

Billy Rinker  
 Bobby Skalak  
 Bill Cash  
 Dick Zaruba  
 Carl Pirkle  
 Buck Kitchen  
 Oscar Wood  
 Dick Wright  
 Eugene Tench  
 Charles Lanier  
 Randy Mallory

*Second Row*

George Jones  
 Sidney Cowles  
 George Mason  
 Paul Webb  
 James Smith  
 Donald Jacobs  
 Walter Burge  
 Bobby Baxter  
 Percy Perkinson  
 Dick Motley  
 Tommy Sullivan  
 Jack Woody

*Third Row*

Edwin Williams  
 Zach Gray  
 James Wohlhueter  
 Barkley Walthall  
 Richard Halbert  
 Jimmy Jones  
 Billy Eudailey  
 Claiborne Cummins  
 Charles Willis  
 William Robertson  
 Preston Andrews  
 Allen Pirkle

*Fourth Row*

Johnny Gray  
 Richard Peterson  
 Joe Kinsey  
 Bill White  
 Niles Kitchen  
 Clark Kingery  
 Jack Minnick  
 Harry Taylor  
 Joseph Lasala  
 William Lasala  
 Frank Farris  
 Clarence Cowles

*Fifth Row*

Randolph Picardat  
 Edward Jones  
 Willis Bain  
 Billy Ellis  
 William Woodruff  
 Gordon Andrews



## Boys' Basketball

<i>Captain</i> .....	RANDY MARYORY
<i>Manager</i> .....	JACK HART
<i>Coach</i> .....	BOB KILBOURNE

## First Row

Paul Webb  
Charles Willis  
Randy Mallory  
Clarence Cowles  
Sidney Cowles

*Second Row*

James Smith  
Billy Eudailey  
Richard Barber  
Gerald Knott  
Preston Andrews





Co-Captains ..... LINDA DAVIS, BARBARA PAMPLIN  
 Manager ..... MARION SPARKS  
 Coach ..... MISS ANN VANLANDINGHAM

Front  
 Barbara  
 Linda Davis

First Row  
 Frances O'Berry  
 Jeanne O'Donnell  
 Bobby Gould  
 Shirley Briscoe  
 Cecilia Grigg  
 Jeanne Beekhuis  
 Preston Hodges  
 Jane Eanes  
 Sarah Seay  
 Henrietta Lanier  
 Elizabeth Ferguson

Second Row  
 Marion Sparks  
 Nell Washer  
 Mary Bland Dunbar  
 Ann Rogers  
 Adelia Williams  
 Rose Varn  
 Dorothy Elliott  
 Nan Jones  
 Kay Horkan  
 Sylvia Sammons  
 Miss Ann VanLandingham

*Hockey Team*



# Girls' Basketball Team

Co-Captains ..... BARBARA PAMPLIN, LINDA DAVIS  
 Manager ..... MARION SPARKS  
 Coach ..... MISS ANN VANLANDINGHAM

## First Row

Jeanette Caddle  
 Bobby Gould  
 Barbara Pamplin  
 Linda Davis  
 Christine Shepherd  
 Jean Mahone

## Second Row

Wanda Archer  
 Rose Varn  
 Cecilia Grigg  
 Mary Blane Dunbar  
 Love Dishman  
 Jenne Berkhuis  
 Shirley Bristow

## Third Row

Marion Sparks  
 Lucy Birdsong  
 Mary Kevan Lai  
 Louise Perlman  
 Coraleen Dail  
 Frances O'Berry  
 Miss Ann VanLandingham



# *Autographs*

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## Poems

By KATHLEEN LUNSFORD

### To An Old House

*You stand there silently upon the hill,  
While all around the old trees guard your place,  
And touch with loving boughs your ancient face.  
Voices that echoed in you now are still,  
But notes of birds the tranquil silence fill;  
Soft winds caress your shuttered window-panes,  
Your hoary roof washed clean by summer rains,  
And vines creep greenly over every sill.*

*When I stand here, my soul a peace attains,  
As worldly things steal silently away;  
My weary heart some source of courage gains;  
I long to linger and perhaps to stay.  
Then turning quietly I journey down  
To face again the burdens of the town.*

## The Hunt

*The long hot days of summer now are past,  
The time the sportsmen love is here at last,  
The hounds, a-tremble, strain to slip the leash,  
The horses paw impatiently the ground.  
Their coats of scarlet make a merry scene,  
As the hunters gather eagerly around.*

*On yonder hill sly Reynard lifts his head,  
Then with reluctance leaves his sunny bed,  
And stretching leisurely, he cocks his ears;  
"A merry life I lead," he says and grins,  
And starting hurriedly off he leaves the hill,  
And the loud excitement of the hunt begins.*

*The hollow echoes back the shouts of men,  
The dogs run leaping madly through the glen,  
And fainter in the distance grows the chase;  
But the pursuing dogs have lost their prey,  
And as the hunter loudly blows his horn,  
The grinning fox slips silently away.*

## Autumn

*I stood upon the hill today  
And watched the clouds float lazily by;  
They caught the sunset's rosy ray  
And blushed across the October sky.*

*I walked along a brown roadside  
And saw a bewildered butterfly.  
Did he look for a flower in which to hide  
Before the winter winds blow high?*

*I sat beside a woodland stream  
And watched the leaves as they sifted down;  
They floated gently as a dream,  
These boats of yellow, red, and brown.*



# Matthew 27:45-6

By H. ARUNDEL HINCHLIFFE



HE ROCKY COAST OF MAINE stood like a valiant soldier against the storm that was to come. The clouds were an ominous red, and the crack-er-barrel weather prophets all agreed that a hurricane would be forthcoming. Anyone who had a boat, large or small, was hurrying to the shore to secure his property. But no one was particularly worried; they had storms like this every two or three years. It was part of the environment of windy, cold, winter Maine.

The clouds piled up—high copper clouds laden with rain and wind and their bedfellows, flood and disease.

This storm had been a long time coming; for months it had puzzled scientists in its slow motion across the North Atlantic. They had begun to think of it as something almost human because of its ever-present threat and yet its lack of action. But now it would break, break and be done.

It was said that the storm had originated over the cold black waters of the Baltic Sea, and had swept down over the lands of Prussia and Germany. There it was lost. There was no record of it for sometime after that until the long copper cloud was seen building up, far off the coast of Maine. How it could be attributed to that long-lost storm is not understood, but now it was here, and ready to let loose its fury. The storm was going to break.

It was there, ready and waiting, like a giant human snake, coiled and ready to spring. To the natives of Maine it was human, it was "Old Red"; "Old Red", a live thing, holding in its turbulent bosom the lives of many and the fortunes of all. A beast of many moods, now fast now slow, then dark then light, blowing, hissing, tearing across the lands of every man. Crushing everything in its path, killing, maiming, destroying. "Old Red", very much alive. He was big, a thousand miles long from Florida to Maine. He was tall, ten thousand feet. He was fast, a hundred and fifty miles an hour. He was alive!

There he stood. There he waited.

And then, he sprang. Across the mountains of Maine, over the Great



Lakes, through the Shenandoah Valley, across the Gulf of Mexico, over the deserts, against the towering Rockies, over California, Washington, Oregon. And then, he blew himself out, blew himself out over the barren, watery wastes of the blue Pacific.

But let us return and follow him more closely. Let us see what strange damage he has done. For indeed, he has lived for years across our country and will be a freak well worth investigating.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Logans were an easy-going family, who didn't much care for anyone but the Logans. If a man got killed, they figured it was one less person to clutter up the city streets. They didn't care whether their neighbors were sick and needed help. They didn't give a damn about them anyhow. But, more than anything, they hated anyone who didn't have the same color skin as they, or didn't talk the same, or went to a different church, or even lived on the other side of the street. They hated the Jews and the Negroes and the Catholics and the Joneses. They loved the Logans. Yes, they were Americans. True, born here, bred here, go to church here, Americans. They were "State of Mainers," and God help anyone who wasn't! They were a cross section, a composite, of the Americans in 1935, in the days before the storm. The wind blew right over their house, across their chimney, and rattled their windows. They heard its voice, they heard its message and said, "Yes, yes, your way is right, you are right. Good for you," they would say, "kill the Jews, kill the French, kill the niggers when you get here, and the Catholics and the Joneses too. You're right, kill, kill, kill. Little man with a black mustache, go ahead, and hurry up over here, we're waiting."

And then the storm went on, faster through the new momentum it had gained. Faster and faster it went, the poisoned rain falling, always falling. Down through Virginia it went, over the farm of the Owens. The Owens? Who are they? Another family, a good family; never interfered in anyone else's business. If you went out and stole your neighbor's horse, or his money, or his wife, they wouldn't care. It was your business, didn't make any difference to them. And so, they were a fine, upstanding family. They didn't hate the Jews any more than they hated the niggers, and, even though you couldn't be saved unless you were a Baptist, you didn't have to be one. If you wanted to hate the niggers, go ahead; if you wanted to kill the Jews, go ahead, go ahead, little man, it doesn't make any difference to us. It's your business; we don't give a whoop.

So, on it blew, no faster, yet no slower, always long and cold and fast. Blew across the Gulf into the state of Texas, scattering the herds of cattle, poor dumb, ignorant beasts. It went to the ranch of the Vales, bombastic, idealistic cattle farmers, people with ideas and morals. They said if your skin was black, or yellow, or brown, if you came from Palestine or France or China, or if you were a



Methodist, or a Baptist, or even if you lived outside the state of Texas, you were all right. Sure, you were all right,—as long as you stay away from us. We're the Vales, we're Texans, we're Americans. You're all right, but stay away from us. "Killing? Terrible!" That's what they said, "but don't worry about it. They will never come over here to bother us. There is an ocean between them and us; we're safe. They can't get across it. We don't want any part of it. Just stay away from here!"

Now, it was slower, but no less deadly. The rains it had shed were flooding the plains and valleys. It battered at the Rockies and climbed over them, over them and up the San Fernando Valley, up to Washington, slower and slower, almost stopping. It was 1941, winter and windy, and the wind drove the sleet and hail before it in a solid sheet.

Into the quiet home of the Edwardses it blew, carrying with it all the poison left in it. Hate the niggers, hate the Protestants, hate the English, hate, hate, hate. But they didn't listen. Sure, they cared. It hurt them that men were being killed while they lived, that women and children were starving while they ate. They listened, they waited, but they knew all the time it was wrong, and they said so. They said so every time they were given a chance. They built a haven against the storm; they halted and, with them, the millions who were fleeing before it. They stopped and stood and defied the wind to do his worst. "You can't kill," they said, "you can't kill!" An hundred million voices echoed. An hundred million voices of Logans, Owens, Vales, and whites and blacks, and Protestants, Catholics and Jews. An hundred million against a mighty storm. October, November, December 7th, and the wind had done its worst; it had blown out across the Pacific and the skies were blue.

We were at war—at war against the storm, against a little man with a black mustache, who had blown a bit too hard.

We fought. Long and hard we fought, and we lost men, a million men. We fought and we won. We took the last vestiges of the storm and hurled his broken body back at his creator. We killed the little man, we killed his followers. We killed as he had done, but we did not do that which he had done. We did not remember. We forgot the growing cloud, the human, waiting cloud. We began to be the Logans again, and the Owensses, who thought everything was right. We forgot.

\* \* \* \* \*

Again, the thin wisp of red is growing off our coast. Again, the storm is brewing. It will be years before it strikes again, but it will strike. It is growing, growing off the coast of Maine.

# The Spinning Wheel

By MARJORIE JOHNSON

*Whirling! Whirling! Over, over!  
Always turning, turning ever!  
Thread ensuing from my fingers!  
Twisting! Twisting! Ceasing never!*

*Feed me! Turn me! Ever, ever!  
Let my reeling frame keep rusting!  
Never cease this endless whirring!  
Stop me now! I need a dusting!*

*"Dusting? Ha!" She laughs; confound her!  
Spinning is her art, not dusting!  
'Tis a pity that her fingers  
Are now bleeding; are, too, rusting.*

*Years she has been twisting cotton;  
Rolls of biting threads keep winding;  
Never moving from her work bench,  
Bent and humble ever binding.*

*Can your ears not hear my murmurs,  
Begging you to stop this wheeling?  
Turn your ear to me and listen!  
Listen, soul, who has no feeling!*

*Whirling! Whirling! Ever, ever!  
Hear my words though softly spoken,  
Monotones of ceaseless whirring!  
"Ah!" she cries. "The thread has broken!"*

*Thus the thread is broken, knotted,  
Tied again to start the spinning.  
Slave! She sits here never hearing.  
Is it she or I who's sinning?*

*Whirling! Whirling! Over, over!  
Always turning, turning ever!  
Thread ensuing from my fingers!  
Twisting! Twisting! Ceasing never!*



# Mother's Mania

By REX SATER



HE greatest friend of the designers of the post-war home is, without a doubt, my mother. She has a burning passion for the various types of electrical gadgets which clutter up our homes today and which, scientists tell us, will be ever more prominent in the future.

Mother takes to these contraptions not so much because of the convenience of using them, as because of the fact that they're so much fun to operate. She likes the sound of wheels turning, and of the subsequent static on the living room radio.

It all started several years ago when a friend sent us an electric mixing machine. At once mother decided that drinking egg milk-shakes was the best way for me to gain weight. She made me drink one every night and insisted on making them herself. After awhile, however, when the novelty wore off, she let me make them and was somewhat disappointed to learn later that I hadn't been using the machine. I had tried the mixer once, but, after nearly cutting my thumb off, I decided to go back to shaking them up, Indian fashion, in milk bottles.

Mother's next mechanical wonder came in the form of a new vacuum cleaner. She had always been content with our old one (the leaking bag type) until a friend told her about the new type that was coming in style. So mother, being very stylish, put in an application (they were frozen just then) for one.

Then began a long series of dinner table bulletins in which mother kept us posted with all the latest news from the vacuum cleaner front. These announcements went on for about nine or ten months, during which time the rest of the family developed quite an interest in mother's potential vacuum cleaner. We weren't as zealous as mother, but we were all pulling for her.

When we finally did get the vacuum cleaner (which incidentally was an odd looking affair, consisting of a long flexible tube with interchangeable brushes on one end, the other end being attached to a cylindrical object that faintly resembled one of James Thurber's dogs) Mother saw to it that the house was given a thorough spring cleaning at least once a week—that is, for about three weeks.

When guests came over, mother showed them the vacuum cleaner, giving it absolute priority over her new hat. Finally, however, the machine lost its attraction for mother (not for dust though, I'm pleased to say) and now serves as nothing more than a mere cleaning device.

Mother's latest gadget was somewhat of a shock to me when I first became acquainted with it. I was coming into the house one evening when I saw in a

corner of the living room a box-like device on which were several knobs and dials. Noticing the word "Philco" on it, I took it to be a new radio and switched it on expecting the hot air of a crooner or of a soap advertisement to come forth. Instead I received a strong blast of quite cold air and, approaching the thing more cautiously, I found that it was a home ventilator. Is there no hope?

At present, mother is a little sad since most of the no-family-complete-without-one machines are out for the duration.

## Thoughts

By IRMA BLACKER

*My thoughts today are not so gay  
As those I had but yesterday;  
Somehow they wander far away.  
For yesterday there was no war  
My countrymen were fighting for  
To keep the land that I adore.*

*My thoughts, today are of a world  
Where the crimson banner of war is unfurled,  
Of the bloodstained field where my brothers are hurled.  
Yesterday the lights were bright  
Glittering vividly through the night;  
Now completely out of sight.*

*Some day, somehow they will shine once more  
As once they did in days of yore;  
As they will gleam for evermore.  
They will shine again across the sea;  
They will shine again for victory;  
They will shine again eternally.*



# “...Like Telegraph Poles...”

By DOLORES WATSON



AT REDDING, a hardy rancher, came into the ranchhouse and sat down to pull off his dusty boots.

“Pa, you got to git some wood afore you set yourself down. These here nights are a mite chilly.” It was Mrs. Redding, a buxom and bustling woman of fifty or thereabouts.

The man pulled himself up out of the depths of the rocker and went out again. The night was crisp and clear; the stars, very bright, were out in full force. Nat looked at the sky and at the broad grazing land.

“Nice weather; good day tomorrow, too,” he mused.

“Rawlings killed a record-sized rattler down the road a-piece last week. Yep! Plenty of ‘em around this year. No need to go into the hills to look fer ‘em, either. That one I saw over behind the sheep-dip was a big ‘un. Wish’t I coulda got ‘im.”

Nat walked around behind the house and disappeared into the gloom of a shed. In the dimness of the building he groped for some wood.

Something dropped silently onto his back. He could feel a rounded coldness on his bare neck. He stood still, terrified; cold drops of sweat came out on his face. A thousand thoughts raced through his brain, each strange and crystal-clear.

“The end? I guess so. Wonder what ma’ll do with the ranch? Wonder how she’ll take this? She’s a hard ‘un, but I think she loved me. Must of—to live with me fer thirty years without much complainin’! Kids ‘ave all moved away to Phoenix; they won’t mind so much, but it’s all right.

“When old Ledley was bitten, he lost his arm, but he’s just as spry as ever. Found ‘im in time. Wish I could holler, but, dang it all, I can’t. Wish I could pray, but that won’t come either. Guess God thinks it’s too late.

“Yep, tomorrow’d of been a good day. Well, I won’t see it. But Arizona shore is purty. Never bin poetic, but I shore always did kinda like the way the



sun set, all fiery-red, every night. I always hankered a little after some schoolin' so's I could tell about things like that, but I never got it.

"Wonder what Heaven'll be like? I'm hopin' ter git there. Guess the Almighty can find enough good deeds in His records to balance the other side of the books. I don't think He'll be too hard. He knows I almost always meant ter do the right thing. Hain't never cheated a man 'er nothin'!

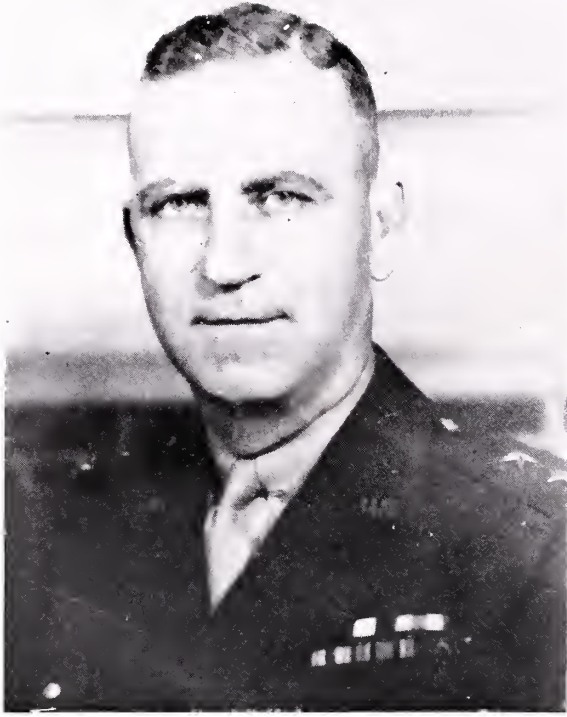
"The end. Well, always know'd it'd come some time. It's got ter fer everybody. Why, I can remember plain as day the night I married ma and brought 'er ter the ranch. I shore was proud of it. I'd worked hard fer it. And I can remember when I was a little boy on my father's ranch. And my mother—I can remember her. She used ter say, 'Now, Nat, you stay away from the sheep-dip, and don't you go a-botherin' the shearers.' That shore was a long time ago. Why, it's just like that there play the kids gave at school afore they went away to Phoenix. The feller at the end of the play said his life was whizzin' past 'im like telegraph poles, and he could remember back to when he was born, and he knew that way he was goin' ter die. Funny how I'm thinkin' 'bout these things. I should be a-prayin' my heart out or else be just too scared fer anything. Well, I am scared, too scared ter move, but I can think. I'm thinking 'bout more than I've ever thought 'bout before, I reckon."

All of these thoughts and many more filled his feverish brain as he stood tense, waiting for the utter darkness of oblivion to close in upon him, wondering if he would feel any pain, wondering what this strangest of all strange experiences would be like, the experience that comes to everyone, but about which one knows nothing.

Then something snapped in his mind. A strange sensation enveloped him. A sense of being suspended in space overwhelmed him. His stream of thoughts was suddenly stopped. He straightened his body; he looked around. Then with a sheepish look, he replaced the length of smooth black hose on a peg and picked up the wood for the big stone fireplace.







*Lt. Gen. Leonard Townsend Gerow*



*Brig. Gen. Lee Saunders Gerow*



# Sons of The Cockade City

By MARTHA LEE CHAMBLISS

## Lt. General Leonard T. Gerow, '07



T. GENERAL LEONARD T. GEROW was born at Petersburg, Virginia, on July 13, 1888. He was graduated from Petersburg High School in 1907 and began his military career in 1911 when he received the Virginia Military Institute honor appointment to the Army.

He has served in Mexico, France, China, and the Philippines. During the last World War he was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal and the French Legion of Honor for his procurement work as a signal officer.

General Gerow was graduated from the advanced course in the Infantry School at Fort Benning, Georgia, the chemical warfare school at Edgewood, and the Army War College at Washington.

After being graduated with honors from the Command General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, he was assigned to the War Plans Division of the War Department in 1935 and later directed the division. He was made Acting Assistant Chief of Staff in the Fall of 1940 and was assistant at the time of Pearl Harbor.

In February, 1942, he was assigned to Fort George G. Meade as Commander of the Twenty-Ninth Division, made up principally of Marylanders and Virginians, now in action in the European Theatre.

On July 16, 1943, he was made Commanding General of the V. Army Corps. On D-Day, General Gerow, with Major General J. L. Collins, commanded the American forces which landed on the coast of France. The V. Army Corps, commanded by Lt. General L. T. Gerow, captured Paris with the Second French Armored Division and the American 4th Infantry Division.

During this war General Gerow has been awarded the Legion of Merit, the Distinguished Service Medal, and the Oak Leaf Cluster.

In a letter written a few days after the D-Day invasion General Gerow states: "My soldiers did a grand job and lived up to my expectations. The old outfit I commanded at one time has made history, and the page they wrote is a glorious epic. It was nip and tuck for a while, but the glorious American GI who went in with his chin up and fighting bravely and skillfully won the battle. The people of the United States owe him much." (The outfit to which General Gerow refers is the 29th Infantry Division.)

General Gerow, at the present time, is commanding the 15th Army "somewhere along the Western Front."

To an editor of The Missile General Gerow recently wrote the following letter:

HEADQUARTERS FIFTEENTH US ARMY  
*Office of the Commanding General*  
A P O 408

Somewhere in Belgium,  
13 March 1945.

My dear Miss Chambliss:

I deeply appreciate the honor of having a page in the "Missile" dedicated to me. Any success I may have attained in my chosen profession may be attributed in large part to the sound training and wise counsel of my teachers at Petersburg High School.

Also, it will always be a source of pride to me to have my name included in an annual dedicated to the officers and men of Petersburg who have been killed or wounded in this war. Their unselfish devotion to duty is worthy of emulation by every future student at Petersburg High School.

Enclosed is a biographical outline of my military service for such use as you may care to make of it.

Best of luck and all good wishes to every graduate for future success and happiness.

Sincerely,  
L. T. GEROW,  
Lt. Gen., U. S. Army.

Miss Martha Lee Chambliss,  
235 S. Jefferson Street,  
Petersburg, Virginia.

## Brigadier General Lee Saunders Gerow, '08

Brigadier General L. S. Gerow was born on March 29, 1891, at Petersburg, Virginia. He was graduated from Petersburg High School in 1908 and completed his military career at the Virginia Military Institute, from which he was graduated in 1913.

General Gerow was promoted to temporary Major during World War I and served three years as a member of the Army of Occupation in Coblenz, Germany. Returning to the United States, he was assigned to Fort McClellan, Alabama, and joined the 22nd Infantry.

He was graduated from the Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga., Command and General Staff School, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, Army War College, Washington, D. C., and Naval War College, Newport, Rhode Island.

He became a Professor of Military Science and Tactics at the University of Wisconsin in September, 1924, and at the Western Military Academy, Alton,



Illinois, the following year. Following his graduation from the two-year course in the Command General Staff School in June, 1931, he was assigned to the Office of the Assistant Secretary of War, Washington, D. C.

General Gerow has served at many camps and forts in the United States, and in April, 1937, he was named Commanding Officer of Fort George Wright, Washington. In August of the same year, he was appointed a Professor of Military Science and Tactics at the University of Washington, Seattle, Washington.

In April, 1942, he went to Camp Shelby, Mississippi, as Commanding Officer of the 338th Infantry, 85th Infantry Division, and in 1943 he was named Assistant Division Commander of the 85th Infantry Division.

General Gerow was promoted to Brigadier General on March 15, 1943, and left for overseas duty on December 1, 1943.

Petersburg is justly proud of her two native sons, who have distinguished themselves in valor and in serving their country, and wishes them continued success in the future.



## The Ancient Tree

By JEANNE BEEKHUIS

*The towering, time-honored, twisted tree  
On the crest of the near-by, wind-swept hill  
Is a woman distorted by lingering sickness,  
Who clings to life with stubborn will.*

*Her features, once beautiful, now are transformed.  
They're grotesque, haggard, and marked with pain  
From unmerciful beatings received during life  
From lightning and thrashing winds and rain.*

*She no longer retains her youthful form;  
Proudly she stood with her head held high,  
But now she is crushed and has no joy  
Except from thoughts of days gone by.*

# Observations

By JOHN KINKER, JR.

## Purposeless

*The oxcart slowly wends its way,  
Drawn by an ox now old and grave,  
Guided by feeble hands of clay;  
Goaded by one no less a slave.*

*A task for each set by their lord,  
No final aim, no end is meant;  
He drives the beast with whip and cord.  
Blame not the ox if he resent.*

*Slaves are we in some strange way;  
A purpose in view for some is clear,  
While some plod dumbly all the day,  
Driven by a force through fear.*

## Good Morning

*All nature awakes at the break of the dawn;  
The sun brightly bids a good morning to you,  
As it shines on the flowers still covered with dew,  
Displayed by fair nature in dainty array,  
Including the birds, flitting over the bay.*

*Preparing a feast for her babes in the nest,  
Down in the meadow, the lark's on the wing  
While her mate in the tree top does nothing but sing.  
"Why worry?" says he; "just be happy and gay."  
O happy is he as he flits on his way!*

*The barnyard's alive with a wild, merry crew;  
The farmer appears at the stable's main door.  
He's greeted by all with a lusty, mad roar.  
The day has begun and the world springs anew,—  
His wife from the porch calls a merry "Hoo-hoo!"*



# Doubtful Glory for Taurus

By BEVERLY C. COX.



HE trolley car jolts sickeningly over the bumpy tracks, as it goes past the low, muddy Rio Grande, trying to hide itself in its own filth and arid river growth. Swarthy señoritas eye your slacks disapprovingly, while the arrogant military police check passports and ask your reasons for entering the ancient city of Juarez.

Alighting from the rickety steps, one notices heavy-veiled women entering the small stone church, clasping motley rosary beads in their grimy hands. An old Indian, with tusk-like teeth, gnaws on a corn cob with tusk flies and insects swarming about him, while Mexican merchants do their best to force serapes and ivory-colored sombreros on you. A deformed beggar, squatting in the dust, adds to the general appearance of squalor and neglect.

Then from the distance a sudden blare of music reaches your ears, and immediately you are nearly trampled by the rushing crowds, seeming to appear from nowhere.

For today there is to be a gala event in the old city: Don Ramon Manuelo Carlos Jose de Camacho, Mexico's renowned matador, is to be guest artist at the arena, and people say he will kill four bulls!

Hurry, hurry, hurry—the crowds push you forward and the air is polluted with the odor of sweating bodies as the heat rises from the soft sputtering tar of the narrow streets. The stench is terrific.

Once inside the Plaza de Toros, one takes his seat in the blessed shade, but on hard stone benches. A persuasive soda-pop vendor soon convinces you that you are in need of a cushion. The noise is deafening as two unrehearsed bands play different airs, one trying to outdo the other. A huge sign over the ring says: "*Anyone Caught Throwing Cushions or Bottles into the Arena Will Be Fined,*" but it is to no avail.

Suddenly all is quiet, a trumpet sounds a fanfare, and through the archway streams the stately procession of picadores, banderilleros, and matadors. Their small plaited queues reach their shoulders. When they retire from their profession, the queues will be clipped off, signifying the end of their career. The crowd cheers in expectation.

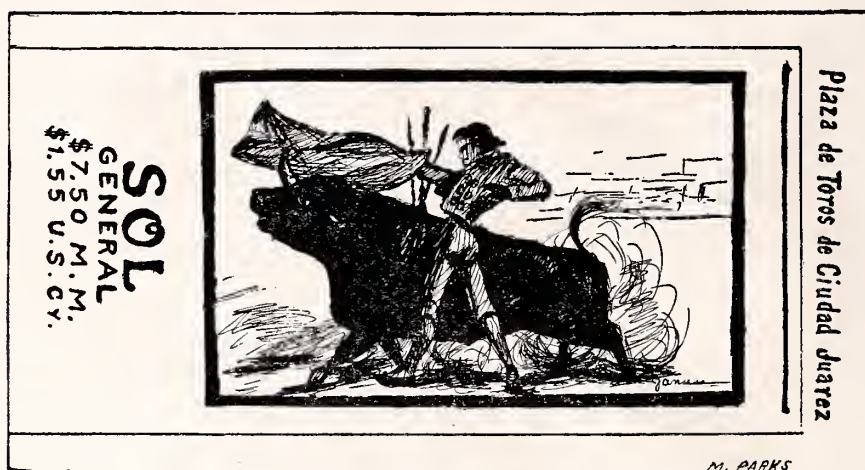
Then silence and a tense waiting. As if in a body, all lean forward and stare with bated breath. The bars of the corral are lowered and a bucking bull with a blue-ribboned dagger in the small of his back leaps forward and snorts in anguish. A handsome picador, lavishly dressed and looking very straight and handsome on the gilded saddle of his blindfolded horse, charges, turns in his glory, and picks and jabs cleverly until blood is pouring from several wounds.

But wait—the horse is hurt and paws the air in fury. The banderrillero rushes in to distract the beast's attention. The scarlet cape flashes in brilliant circles, the bull rushes from one side to the other, the crowd goes wild. The brave man smirks warily, and as the frightened animal dashes past, he deftly thrusts two beautifully decorated but deadly darts into the bull's shoulder blades. Two more, and again another two, until the bull looks like a living banner. But the lovely pompons soon become dark and gory with the escaping life blood of the doomed animal and slowly he begins to weaken.

The time is ripe. The matador strides proudly forward, brandishing a shining sword; a great ovation awaits him. The beast charges, but Camacho deftly step aside. The bull charges again and, with a sudden twist, the matador plunges the sharp blade through his neck and it comes out of the throat. He stumbles, a film over his eyes, and blood flows freely from the mouth and nose as the jugular vein is severed. The bull falls in the dusty dung and writhes in his last agonies.

The matador has done well, killing the infuriated beast with but one blow, and the crowd shows its appreciation with wild cheering and fanfare. Pretty señoritas throw the victor roses from their hair, and he presses the favored one to his lips. With a quick movement, the matador cleanly cuts the left ear from the now dead bull and presents it to his lady-love, one of the highest marks of esteem that he can bestow on a dear friend.

Tonight all Juarez will be eating bull-meat; at least, those lucky enough to be able to afford the tender delicacy. Yes, bull-fighting is a splendid sport, especially if one has the guts to stomach it.





# The Suit and The Potatoes\*

By MARJORIE JOHNSON



HE weather-beaten wooden wagon creaked slowly up to the barn door and came to a delayed halt because of the balking of the mule.

"Dang ye, mule! Git thar! Git thar!" huffed the driver. This order was responded to by a sudden kicking and scraping of the ground by the stubborn animal. The barn door slid open, and a head thrust itself out to see what was all the disturbance outside the barn.

"Well, if it ain't Jeff Bailey!" greeted Uncle John as he slid the door the rest of the way, holding out his hand.

"Good mornin', John." Jeff Bailey sounded as if he'd burst, but instead he coughed slightly and stroked his coarse beard.

"What's on ya mind, Jeff?" asked Uncle John leaning on the handle of the pitch-fork, which still smelled of manure that he had been "pitching."

Jeff sniffed in disgust and eyed Uncle John skeptically.

"Well, speak up, man. Speak up!"

"I come a' askin' 'bout them 'taters, John," he said, finally. "When ya plannin' on diggin' 'em?"

"What 'bout them 'taters, Jeff?" asked Uncle John, blowing billows of smoke from his corn-cob pipe.

"A fo'th o' them 'taters is mine, John Eanes, an' you know it!" said Jeff, halfway rising from his high seat in the wagon.

"I ain't promised you no fo'th," bellowed Uncle John.

"When I helped ya' las' spring with that plantin', ya promised me a fo'th o' them 'taters, John Eanes, an' I mean ta git 'em, too!" At this Jeff stood up and the mule balked again, flinging him back on the seat, at which Uncle John bellowed aloud in his heavy gruff laugh.

"Jus' who d'ya think ya' are, tryin' ta beat a man out o' his share o' 'taters?" said Jeff gruffly, his eyes glaring like a cat's at night.



\*This story is based on a real incident.

"Listen, Jeff Bailey; I ain't promised you no 'taters and ya ain't gittin' none," answered Uncle John fingering the pitchfork. "An' if ya don't take that danged wagon off here and begone, I'll ram ya with this pitchfork!"

"I'll git ye, John Eanes, if it's the las' thing this body o' mine does," Jeff flung at him. "Git thar, mule! Git thar!" He spat on the ground before Uncle John's feet and rode off cursing the mule.

A few nights later Uncle John was riding along the cool dirt road in his newly made wagon, which Jeff Bailey secretly envied. He was singing an old country ballad and the still wood echoed his song. Down in the old creek among the trees the frogs were accompanying him with their choir of mixed voices, from the tenor to the bass, each one singing a different song. Uncle John laughed aloud, and his laughter was as strong as his muscular body in spite of his age. He laughed because on a night like this with the light of heaven shining down, one might laugh for the joy of living. Thus he rode along, singing, sometimes whistling, but all in the joy of being alive.

Slowly he rounded the bend of the road, and on the huge oak tree was a white sign. At first he could not see the lettering on the sign because of the shadow, but as he neared the tree he saw that his name stared him in the face from the sign.

"Well," he huffed, and, knocking the ashes from his pipe, he put it in his pocket. Grunting a little, he climbed down from his seat and walked over to the sign with his lantern. There he read aloud, "John Eanes, biggest liar in Lunenburg County." He let out a breath of surprise and then flung the lantern upon the ground. He cursed the lantern and the mule and finally wound up and cursed the man whom he had been cursing in his heart. "That dang Jeff Bailey done it! Dang 'im! He done it! Decent men can't live in this county wi'out his name plastered all over the place!"

Sputtering he grabbed the lantern and leaped onto the wagon, whipping the mule unmercifully when he lighted. The mule, both startled and hurt, took off in a mad gallop along the road, hurling dust and loose rocks into the angry face of his master. Uncle John thought all the devils in hell were making a fool of him tonight. He couldn't fight the devils, so he took it out on the poor mule who was innocent of the whole thing and whipped him all the way home.

The next morning, with all its sunshine and light, could not chase the gloom from Uncle John's heart. The brighter the day, the more he fumed, until Aunt "Sis" declared he would "explode any time now."

"Yes, yes," he bellowed and shoved his hands farther down into the pockets of his work-worn breeches. "I'm going to explode! No, I'm not, either, but my shot gun is and purty soon, too!"

"Now, John Eanes, ya ain't thinkin' 'bout nothin' as drastic as a' that!" cried Aunt "Sis," starting up from the potatoes she was peeling.



"No, I think I'll let 'im suffer a lil' while first," said Uncle John, a new light shining in his eyes and a crooked smile about his mouth. He picked up his weather-beaten jacket and walked briskly out the door calling over his shoulder, "Won't be back till sundown, 'Sis'."

Aunt "Sis" ran to the door dropping the potatoes, which rolled wildly over the floor.

"Where ya be goin', John?" she called after him.

"Ta Blacksburg," he answered firmly, pulling himself onto the wagon.

"Ta Blacksburg!" cried Aunt "Sis." "But that's nigh twenty miles away! Why ya goin', John?"

"Ta see Judge Land," said Uncle John and rode off slowly, leaving a cloud of dust along the road and a cloud of doubt and suspicion in his wife's mind.

Two days later a lone rider on horseback stopped by at Jeff Bailey's house, which was about a mile from Uncle John's. Jeff was in the chicken lot feeding his two hundred prize white hens. For a minute he thought the man to be the postman, but then he noticed the glint of the badge he wore. Old Jeff had never before come face to face with a man of the law, nor had an officer ever set foot on his property. The sunshine of his day suddenly went behind a cloud and his white hens, which he prized so highly, seemed to grow dark. He flung the rest of the corn, pan and all, upon the ground, barely missing a startled hen, which flew cackling to his shoulder. Jeff knocked her off and strode through the gate up to the horseman.

Having settled his restless horse, the man lifted his hat to Jeff and said politely, "How a' ya, sir? A' you Mister Jefferson Bailey?"

"Yep," answered Jeff, his pipe hanging loosely from his parted lips and his beard shaking slightly as he spoke.

"I'm the deputy sheriff over 't Blacksburg," said the man. "Come to bring ya a warrant from the sheriff ta 'pear in court fo' trial."

"'Pear in court?" cried Jeff wide-eyed and indignant. At this outburst he dropped his pipe completely and it fell in the dust at his feet. "Fo' what, may I be askin'?"

"Seems like John Eanes got all het up 'bout that sign ya posted on that oak tree by his lane," explained the deputy. "He filed suit 'gainst ya fo' five-hundred dollars or such."

"Five-hundred dollars!" exclaimed Jeff, infuriated at the thought. Not that he'd miss it, for he owned the largest farm in the county, but the thought of paying the money to John Eanes infuriated him.

"Yep, five-hundred dollars," said the deputy. "Here's ya summons, Mister Bailey. G'day, sir." With this he turned and rode off, leaving Jeff surrounded by the dust. By the time the dust cleared, Jeff was nowhere to be seen, but soon

out of the barn creaked the weak old wagon with Jeff perched on his high seat, beating the stubborn mule.

Mrs. Bailey jumped when she heard the wagon, put her sewing aside and ran to the door just as her husband drew the mule to a halt before the door.

"Where ya figgerin' on goin', Jeff?" she asked, smoothing her hair from her face.

"Ta Blacksburg," answered Jeff. "Git thar, mule!"

"Ta Blacksburg! An' why, might I ask, are ya goin' to Blacksburg?"

"Ta see Judge Land," said Jeff, fully resolved, and turned the mule into the lane. "Git thar, mule! Git thar!" To his wife he called, "Won't be back till ev'nin'!"

The trial was held in the general store at Blacksburg on an early Saturday morning. Judge Land sat sternly but graciously on a bench behind the counter. His clerk sat on a crate beside him and the defendant and the witnesses sat all in a row before him. A stool unlike any stool ever seen before was placed beside the counter for the witness' chair. It was a high narrow stool with three bow-legs and a multitude of notches and initials on its seat.

Farmers and city men lined the walls, sitting on the rafters, in chairs, on boxes and atop the show cases. The frantic proprietor, watching everyone at once to protect himself against wrongdoing, declared that there were not as many customers in town as there were men here.

The judge finally called the court together by pounding the counter with a hammer which belonged to the storekeeper.

"The court will come to order," he stated solemnly.

The murmuring in the room changed to a dead silence and all eyes were on the judge except those of Jeff Bailey and John Eanes, which were staring into each other's meaningfully.

"The witnesses will be sworn in," said the judge. From pure habit the clerk jumped to his feet and read the oath so fast that Uncle John and the rest stared in amazement.

The clerk with an air of boredom stated in a monotone, "Please say, 'I do'."

In a chorus the men answered, "I do."

At this the judge turned to the lawyer for the defendant and said, "Please call your witnesses."

The lawyer said, "We have none, Your Honor. Mr. Bailey has decided that he will take the judgment placed upon him and confess that he did post the sign on Mr. Eanes' property."

"Then I see no need of carrying the trial further," said the judge. He faced Jeff and said to him, "Please rise, Jefferson Bailey."

Jeff rose slowly to his feet and walked a few steps toward the counter. Isem Badley and Uncle John were conversing in undertones behind him. Isem



was the chief witness that Uncle John had chosen to view the sign on the tree. Isem had a certain personal grudge against Jeff and he thought if he testified against him, he would even the odds. He was angry because he had not had a chance to tell what he had seen. Uncle John's face was quite different from Isem's. A pleased smile was on his face as Jeff faced the judge. His eyes twinkled and the wrinkles about them grew until they were almost hidden in his bushy eyebrows.

The judge said in a low, firm voice, "Jeff, I'm surprised at you, a grown man, acting so childish. This matter might never have happened if it hadn't been for your childishness. The court has found you guilty of the offense; therefore, John will have to be paid the five-hundred dollars."

At this Jeff's face lighted, strangely enough to the onlookers, and he stepped forward a little. "Now, Judge Land, you know I can't give that John Eanes no money 'cause of what I done here with you."

"I'm coming to that," said the judge and turned toward Uncle John. "Jeff made over all his properties both personal and real estate to his wife a few days after you filed suit, John, so it will be impossible for him to pay you the money."

Uncle John's face turned black with anger and surprise, and he clutched Isem Badley's arm so hard that it made Isem wince.

"However," continued the judge, "the money will be payable after Jeff's death."

The commotion that followed made the rest of the judge's speech inaudible, for Jeff's friends were congratulating him on his slyness and Uncle John's friends were patting him on the back for winning the suit even if the money was payable after Jeff's death. The men were reluctant to leave the store because of the warmth of the store. Today was the first winter day in Lunenburg County.

Jeff walked pompously past Uncle John and gave him a satisfied look, at which Uncle John turned away.

"To think that danged ol' fool made a fool o' me," he thought to himself, but outwardly he laughed with Isem Badley at his triumph.

When Uncle John left it was so late that he decided to spend the night in town with Isem. The air was bitterly cold and the wind blew tempestuously. Someone made the remark that the cold would ruin the potatoes in the ground tonight. Isem wondered at the strange look that came over Uncle John's face.

Uncle John, cold and tired, arrived home the next morning, and Aunt "Sis" met him at the door.

"How was it?" she asked before he could get down from the wagon.

"I'll tell ya everythin' after I git them taters dug up," said Uncle John, motioning his helper to take the mule away.

"Won't be no need o' diggin' 'em, John," said Aunt "Sis" turning back into the house. "Ya was so het up 'bout that trial this past few days that ya forgot

all 'bout them 'taters. There was a frost last night, ya know! Go see for ya'self."

Uncle John did not have to look at the potatoes to see that they were no good. His helper had already dug a few that morning. They lay at his feet on the ground, black from the frost. He kicked a few of them in disgust and turned regretfully toward his helper. "There's no fool like a' ol' fool, boy. 'Tain't me that's won that suit, but's Jeff Bailey. Look at them 'taters! Look at them thar! An' I still can't git the money till ol' Jeff kicks off! There's only one thing that's worrin' me now an' I'm just scared that Jeff's goin' to outlive me!"



## Beauty

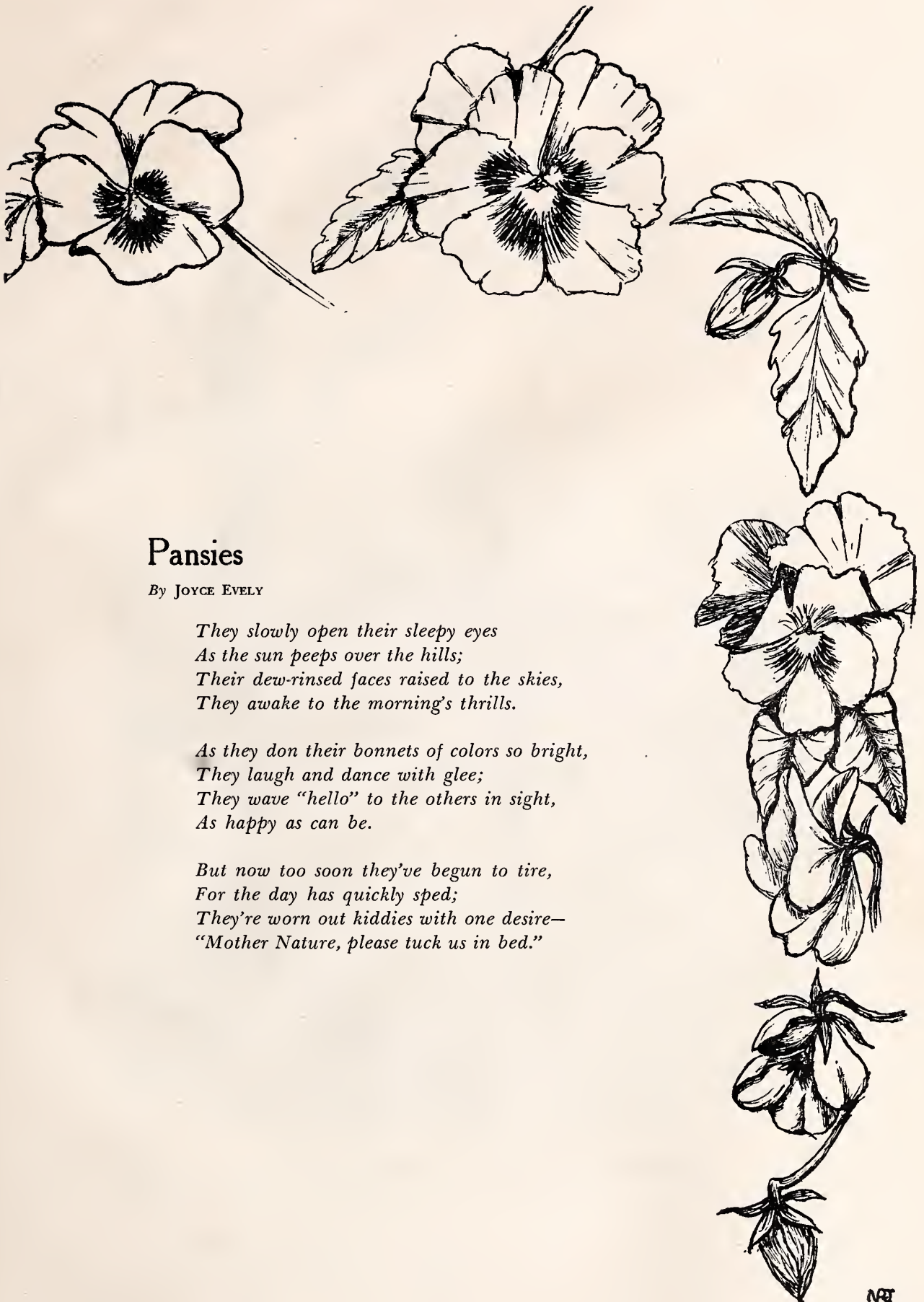
By CLAIBORNE CUMMINS

*On a starlit night when the air is crisp  
And the moon rides high above,  
And the couples stroll in the grassy parks  
And think and talk of love,  
How I love to sit on a wooded hill  
Where the breeze is soft and the night is still.*

*When the leaves are brown and the trees are bare  
And the sunbeams brightly dancing,  
Where the fish are swimming in the pools  
And the buck and doe are prancing,  
The eagles nest on the rocky hill  
Where the breeze is soft and the day is still.*

*When the day is dark and the sun is gone  
And the snowflakes fall around,  
Trees are bent with the heavy load,  
Strong branches touch the ground.  
And a blanket covers the towering hill  
Where the snow is soft and the breeze is still.*





## Pansies

By JOYCE EVELY

*They slowly open their sleepy eyes  
As the sun peeps over the hills;  
Their dew-rinsed faces raised to the skies,  
They awake to the morning's thrills.*

*As they don their bonnets of colors so bright,  
They laugh and dance with glee;  
They wave "hello" to the others in sight,  
As happy as can be.*

*But now too soon they've begun to tire,  
For the day has quickly sped;  
They're worn out kiddies with one desire—  
"Mother Nature, please tuck us in bed."*





## In Memoriam

PRIVATE HAMILTON W. ANDREWS, '43. Died in Petersburg, Va., Dec. 9, 1944.  
LIEUTENANT LANGFORD BELL, '40. Died in Germany, Feb. 23, 1945.  
TECHNICAL SERGEANT W. LESLIE BLANKENSHIP, '40. Died over Germany,  
Jan. 14, 1945.  
PRIVATE FIRST CLASS HARRY J. BOWLES, ex-'44. Died in Italy, July 19, 1944.  
PRIVATE FIRST CLASS BROADDUS E. BOWMAN, ex-'44. Died in New Guinea,  
Nov. 26, 1944.  
PRIVATE FIRST CLASS JOHN J. BROCKWELL, '42. Died in Germany, Mar. 24, 1945.  
STAFF SERGEANT WINSTON CAVE, ex-'43. Died at Hot Springs, Ark.,  
Sept. 21, 1943.  
LIEUTENANT WILLIAM L. CLAYTOR, '41. Died in Italy, June 6, 1944.  
PRIVATE ALLEN K. DALTON, ex-'31. Died in Italy, Dec. 20, 1943.  
SERGEANT JAMES H. DOWNING, ex-'34. Died in France, June 24, 1944.  
PRIVATE FIRST CLASS R. MASON EANES, ex-'40. Died in France, July 24, 1944.  
LIEUTENANT RICHARD LEE EPES, '32. Died on Luzon, Feb. 15, 1945.  
LIEUTENANT CHARLES S. FAZEL, JR., '39. Died in Belgium, Feb. 2, 1945. —  
GUNNER'S MATE PRESTON GOULDER, ex-'38. Died off France, June 6, 1944.  
CAPTAIN JOSEPH D. HARRIS, '35. Died in Italy, Feb. 5, 1943.  
CAPTAIN J. HARTWELL HEATH, ex-'34. Died in Belgium, Jan. 4, 1945. —  
STAFF SERGEANT LEE ROY HEATH, '37. Died in Germany, Dec. 14, 1944.  
PRIVATE JOHN T. JACKSON, ex-'45. Died in Italy, May 19, 1944.  
PRIVATE ROBERT ELMER KIDD, ex-'44. Died in Germany, Dec. 27, 1944.  
STAFF SERGEANT ELMER L. MCKESSON, '37. Died in France, July 12, 1944.  
PRIVATE EDGAR E. MOODY, ex-'41. Died in Italy, Feb. 19, 1944.  
PRIVATE FIRST CLASS STUART M. OWEN, '35. Died on Iwo Jima, Feb. 19, 1945.  
STAFF SERGEANT RAYMOND M. PARKER, ex-'44. Died in France, Dec. 9, 1944.  
PRIVATE FIRST CLASS HERBERT CHAPPELL PARTIN, ex-'44. Died in  
Italy, Oct. 18, 1944.  
CORPORAL J. BOLLING PERDUE, ex-'33. Died in Germany, Nov. 11, 1944.  
LT. COL. RALEIGH POWELL, JR., '32. Died in Germany, April 24, 1945. —  
CORPORAL HERBERT J. PRICE, JR., ex-'37. Died in Santa Barbara, Calif.,  
Aug. 7, 1942.  
PRIVATE FIRST CLASS DAVIS SAWYER, ex-'34. Died in Italy, July 1, 1944.  
PRIVATE FIRST CLASS HERBERT W. SHELLEY, ex-'44. Died in Atlantic City,  
N. J., Jan. 1, 1945.  
SERGEANT JOHN B. TENCH, ex-'31. Died in England, Jan. 20, 1945.  
LIEUTENANT TAYLOR SIMMONS TRUEHEART, '35. Died in Oahu, —  
Hawaii, April 8, 1943.  
SERGEANT ROBERT O. TUCKER, ex-'36. Died in Toole, Utah, April 30, 1945.  
LIEUTENANT WILLIAM ALBERT USHER, ex-'31. Died in Belgium, Jan. 12, 1945.  
LIEUTENANT HARVEY M. WALTHALL, '39. Died over Germany, Aug. 4, 1944.  
SERGEANT CHARLES M. WHITT, '37. Died in Italy, Sept. 24, 1944.  
STAFF SERGEANT FREDERICK G. WILLIAMS, '33. Died in France, Jan. 6, 1945.  
SERGEANT G. HOWARD WILLIAMS, ex-'42. Died in Germany, Oct. 11, 1944.  
LIEUTENANT BROOKS C. YOUNG, '36. Died in Solomon Islands, Feb. 20, 1943. —

*"His grave a nation's heart shall be,  
His monument a people free."*

# Thoughts on Reading the Casualty List

By HORACE P. BILL

*The casualty list grows longer day by day,  
And as it lengthens nearer home it comes.  
Thoughts are stirred; memories are rekindled;  
Our minds go back to days and years long past—  
There's Tom, the boy that lived across the street,  
Who dreamed of coming back to spend his life  
As he had planned. Those things are suddenly  
Snatched away from him forevermore  
And one more name is placed upon the list.  
Only the other week came word of Bob,  
Bob, so strong, so young, and full of life;  
It seems that surely he could this be spared,  
But no, the hand of Fate has dealt its card.  
Thoughts turn back to messages received,  
The words that were bringing only sorrow and grief.  
The first was brought to the folks up high on the hill,  
The richest people in town; the other went  
Across the tracks to a broken-hearted widow  
Whose only son had placed his name with the brave—  
Yes, rich and poor must suffer sacrifice,  
And those in county, town, and nation wide  
Surrender lives that we may live in peace.*





# As Partee Told It

By LYNTON GOULDER



PARTEE was sitting in his chair by the campfire. Most of the boys had returned to their cabins, but as usual some few had gathered around to hear one of Partee's fabulous tales.

The darkey was dressed in his usual attire—his tobacco stained pants, his Sunday-go-to-meeting coat (if it could be given such a name), a covering on his head which could hardly be called a hat. His forehead was a mass of wrinkles as he stared at the group that surrounded him.

Even though Partee was the caretaker of the camp and had many duties to which he faithfully attended, he usually found time to tell a story. Though he sometimes appeared extremely serious-minded, it was just his way of giving a mysterious effect to his pride and joy—story telling. On the other hand, Partee was quite a jovial fellow when he wanted to be.

"Well," the darkey said after some deliberation, "dis night ah'm goin' t' tell de story ub—now le' me think—dat Terry Moss, yes suh, dat's 'is name. Dat boy and 'is friend, Leslie An'erson, walked t' Chesterfiel' Cote House one night, an' 'twas comin' back dey had all deah trouble.

"Yo' know dat road dat comes th'ough de woods by de ole saw mill? Well, 'twas right 'long in heah dat Terry and 'is frien', Leslie, as ah hab 'fore said, got demselves inta mischuff. All ub a sudden it begun a-lightnin' and a-thund'rin' and a-rainin'. Well, ah means t' tell yo' dey was shore in a mess ub a fix.

"Terry he sez to 'is frien' Leslie, 'Leslie, don' ya think we bettah try t' git some sheltah in dat dar house?'

"'Yes; suh, Ah reckon so. We bettah knock at de doah,' Leslie answered t' 'is frien'.

"By dis time de boys, dey had gotten so wet dat dey was soaked cleah t' de bones. As dey 'proached de house, dey was gitting kinda scared. De ole house, as Ah hab 'foresed, 'sisted ub two stories. De windows was all broke out and



boded up. Dar wa' not a speck o' paint on de sides; naw suh, not a speck o' paint on de sides, naw suh, not a speck.

"'Twas b' now dat de boys was makin' deah way up de muddy road t' de house. From dis dis'dance dey see a light a- peepin' th'ough a broked window. But ole Terry Moss was wond'rin' if dis would be so safe a place fo' dem aft' all.

"Dey soon clumb de rickedy ole steps dat led up t' de poach.

"Leslie, he knocked on de doah, while Terry tried t' squeeze de water out 'is clothes.

"De doah started t' squeak an' priddy soon a lil' ole man 'bout de size ub you" (Partee pointed to a youngster seated at his right) "poked 'is head roun' de doah. 'Well, whatcha want? I ain't got nothin' fo' yo'.'" (Only Partee was able to talk in such a trembling squeaky voice).

"Leslie ansahed t' 'im, 'e sez, 'We 'ud kinda lak t' git sum sheltah fo' de night.'

"De li'l' ole man, 'bout de size o' you"—Partee was again referring to the same boy—"as Ah have 'fore sed, ansahed t' Leslie a-sayin' in a weak, shaky voice, 'Well, mebbe Ah kin git yo' a place t' sleep aft' all! Jes come right on in. Yo' looks kinda wet, so I figgahs dat yo' prob'ly won't min' sleeping in de hay lof' ub our mos' dilapidated bahn.'

"Dat ole man had all ub a sud'n, quickah dan a fox runs, 'come awf'ly nice t' our frien's.

"Well, de boys followed de ole man th'ough dat ole house. All de rooms 'cept one was dark as de ace o' spades.

"Terry, he jes' 'bout tripped up on a ole rockin' chere dat was set right plum' in de middle ub de hall. It was so dark, as I have 'fore sed, dat Leslie lak t' bumped right smack in' de wall.

"As dey drew nigh t' de one lighted room, dey saw anudder man who Ah reggons was 'bout a foot tallah dan de li'l' ole man ub which Ah have already sed."

By now Partee had changed his tone of voice. He had begun in a rather gruff manner, but by this time he was putting his whole self into it. He was becoming more and more excited.

"Soon dey got a view ub de room and saw a-lyin' on a ole broke-down, leathah couch anudder man lak dey seen 'fore. He musta bin 'bout six feet tall. T' dis day dey ain't bin able t' tell whethah he was a' Indian or some Af'can fresh b'ought t' dis country." (Partee greatly exaggerated, as was his usual tendency).

"Leslie and Terry, dey latah toll me, kinda secrit lak, dat on de inside dey didn't feel so comfituble. In udder words dey war jes' plain scared; yes suh, jes' plain scared.

"De li'l' char'cter which was leadin' dem had from somewhere found a



ker'sene lanta'n. Dey follahed on and on th'ough de ole ramshakle' house and by dis time war 'proaching de back doah.

"He (the man) sez to 'is foll'wahs in dat 'terious li'l voice, 'Now boys, jes' follah me an' Ah'll lead yo' stre't t' yo' nice bed in de bahn. Ha! Ha!' he chuckled.

"When he sed dis, I guess, dere won't nothin' fo' dem t' do but obey instrucshuns and follah 'im. Dey walked and walked not even knowin' whar in de worl' dey war goin.' I guess dey 'sumed dey mus' be goin' back o' de house. Dey hoped dere frien' was leadin' dem t' de bahn and not somewhere else.

"Terry thought t' hisse'f, 'S'pose 'e ain't takin' us t' de bahn, whar's we goin'? 'Tis so plum dark, I can't evun see mah fingah in fron' ub mah face an' Ah won't know whar we bin, come mahning!"

"Leslie he thinks a li'l diff'runt. 'I don' care s'much fo' mahse'f; it's Terry whut worries me. What's gonna happun t' him if we ain't found a safe place t' stay?' "

Partee added a note of explanation. "Leslie's de ol'est boy, so ain't nuddin' but natchel fo' 'im t' think o' Terry's welfare. I mos' fo'got t' rilate dat 'tis still a-rainin'."

Continuing with the story Partee said, "Dey reached de bahn fin'ly. De li'l ole man took from 'is pockit a key, unlocked a lock what was s' rusty dat it didn' wanna unlock. As dey entahed th'ough de wooden doahs dat was s' ole dey 'mos' fell off'n de hinges, de man sed in 'is same squeaky voice, 'Boys, you'l jes' clim' up dat laddah and make yo'se'f at home till comes mawnin'. G'by!' Our li'l frien' parted an' locked de doahs 'hind 'im.'

"De boys, dey clumb up de laddah, step b' step.

"Terry sez t' Leslie, 'Whatcha think o' our 'dicamunt?"

"Leslie ansahed t' 'is frien', 'Ain't quite made up mah min'. Guess we might as well try 'n git some sleep on dat hay ovah yondah.'

" 'Bout de time Terry reached de top o' de laddah, Leslie yelled, 'Help!"

"Terry ansahed, 'What's dat?"

"Leslie den ansahed back, 'Nebber min', Ah jes bumped mah head on a ham hangin' down from dis roof.'

"Well, de boys den made dere bed, out o' hay, 'bout what I 'fore sed and laid 'dere weary bones down fo' a night's sleep.

"I reggons 'bout two hours passed when a thump, thump, thump caused Leslie to wake up. He agin heard a noise, but 'twas somebuddy unlockin' de doah. I means t' tell yo', he was a-gittin' kinda worried. He saw dat was 'bout mawning, 'cause a light come th'ough de cracks in de bahn. Leslie, as Ah have 'fore sed, was de ol'est of de boys, so natchelly he didn' take it on hisse'f t' wake up 'is frien'. He jes' laid dare waitin' an' hopin' dey war still safe.

"Pretty soon 'e heard steps inside de bahn 'proachin' de laddah dat dey had clumb. Somebuddy was a-comin' aft' dem."

Partee's voice now showed a great deal of excitement.

"Dar prob'ly was jes' 'bout thirteen steps in de laddah. Yes suh, dat ole unlucky thirteen! De person was on de third step! Leslie was lyin' dere jes' . . . but wait a minnit! A hand 'tainin' a long knife 'peared. De hand rose highah and highah! Soon dat In'yun, Afican, or what he was, 'peared in sight. Yes suh! He was a comin' ne'rah and ne'rah t' Leslie. Fin'ly it happened. 'Is hand was ready t' come down. Leslie, he was so sceared he didn't know whuthah 'e ought t' try t' tackle de man or not."

Partee took time out from the story to give a few chuckles and say, "Dis heah Terry an' Leslie war re'lly in a mess, Ah means t' tell yo'!"

He continued, "Ole Leslie was sittin' up by dis time a-holdin' 'is breath an' still a-wond'rin' whuthah he should tackle de man. He was lookin' right square at de man what now he still didn't know whuthuh 'e war a In'yun or Afican." Then all of a sudden he paused and shouted hysterically, "De hand come down, cut a slice from de ole ham, and b'lieve me or not, de boys war served ham an' eggs fo' breakfas' in de mawnin'!"

## Clouds

By ALICE JOHNSON

*Across a maze of blue God sent the clouds  
To make someone forget the day just past,  
To help him close his eyes to things unkind,  
And think of scenes that he would want to last.*

*They gather slowly to take unusual shapes  
Of oceans wide with white-capped waves that break,  
Majestic mountains far from any clime,  
Or barks that drift on yonder distant lake.*

*Around the edge, a line of gold appears,  
But wearily melts into a silvery gray.  
His visions fade; the man prepares to rest  
As darkness snugly tucks the clouds away.*



# The Art of Stealing Watermelons

By RODNEY PERKINS



T WAS a bright moonlit night and our shadows were projected against old man Patton's barn. My friends and I had come to try his watermelons, which are especially famous for their size and flavor.

Patton, an Irishman, was the type who would shoot at anyone who trespassed on his property. This was a job which required extreme care and precision in every move. We decided that it would be an every man for himself affair.

The patch was located in the middle of a cornfield to conceal it from outsiders, so he thought. I moved stealthily toward the patch using the barn to shield me from the old man's keen eyesight and his buckshot too.

As I approached, Patton's dog sprang up from the bushes and began barking wildly. I was stunned momentarily, but common sense told me I had better get out of there.

After a hasty retreat I again found myself at the edge of the farm. That cursed dog had destroyed a well planned scheme, but I wasn't to be beaten by a dog. By now I was hot, tired, and thirsty.

After a brief rest I walked all the way around to the north side of the farm and proceeded to enter. I was very cautious this time because I was very near Patton's house.

Suddenly two shots rang out and I quickly fell on my face. Evidently the shots weren't meant for me because I didn't hear the buckshot crash through the cornstalks.

I figured the old man was shooting at the boys who came in with me. This gave me a good chance to make a run for the melons and get mine while Patton's attention was being diverted to catching the other boys.

About fifty yards away from me I could see the break between the corn and the melon patch. As I got closer I could see the tops of the melons shining in the moonlight.

When I came upon them I was utterly distressed, disappointed, and disillusioned. The watermelons were nothing but common old egg plants.

# Grave and Gay

By REX SATER

## Vesper

*The hush of twilight falls on a drowsy land  
And gently soothes the meadow with its balm.  
The forest receives the touch of its moistened hand,  
As swaying pines relax to its comforting calm.*

*The sands of the prairie succumb to the vesper call  
As, stealing like whispered breathings of heavenly air,  
Dusk bathes the plain and spreads its shadowy pall  
To soothe the warm grass with its tender fare.*

*And the moonlight spreads its trance o'er the placid pond  
And, tinting the rising swell of nature's breast,  
It waves with silent gesture heaven's wand  
Like a shepherd as he puts his flock to rest.*

## Ode to the Valiant

(Inspired by Cafeteria Shortages)

*Sing, for the hardy have shown their true zest!  
We have laughed in the face of hardship's chore  
And have passed through the fire of adversity's test  
With unyielding valor, but now as of yore  
We can get choc'late milk in the lunch room once more.*

*Shout for the courage that conquered our fears  
When we cried for the royal sandwich in vain,  
But we vanquished the blow and catastrophe's leers  
And fought off our sorrow with might and with main.  
Shout, for the royal is with us again!*

*Sing the brave epic of courage and grit!  
Throw back your heads and laugh at despair!  
We shall walk with the Spartans, with heroes we'll sit.  
We have weathered the storm but now banish care,  
For the food of the gods has returned to our fare.*

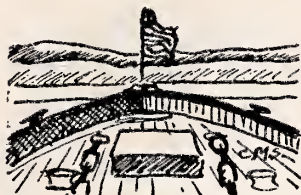


# “Around The World Away”

## Alaskan Diary

(Excerpts from a Sailor's Diary)

December 7, 1941.



On Sunday, December 7th, we left Kodiak. The Army Chaplain held services at 10:00 in the ship's recreation salon. There were about 70 men present, and he preached a short but impressive sermon on Moses and the Burning Bush. After dinner we were all sitting in the recreation room when one of the crew came in and told us that Pearl Harbor had been bombed and that we were at war with Japan. Naturally we thought he was joking, but he seemed so in earnest that we sent one of the fellows to the radio room to see what he could find out. He was soon back, with the news that the base had been attacked at Pearl Harbor. Shortly after that the Spica, a U. S. patrol boat, came alongside and sent us a message by blinker to silence our radio and to black out the ship.

We then began to realize that we were at war and that we were in a pretty bad spot at this time. The crew painted all the windows black, and then we hung blankets over them on the inside so there would be no chance of light coming through anywhere. That night (Sunday night) we were all assigned posts at various points about the ship. I had the post on the port side of the ship, seeing that no one went up into the radio room except the radio men and officers. We also were to watch for submarines and any lights. I was on deck from 3 A. M. to 8 A. M. The moon was out, the sea was calm, and everything was perfectly quiet. The next day we started running into some heavy seas, and as night came we were rolling and pitching the worst of the whole trip. As I did not have a watch to stand, I went to bed early and had to almost brace myself to stay in my bunk. We were all ordered on deck with life belts on at 5:30 Tuesday morning. After asking around, I found that a radio message had come through that a submarine was waiting to attack us at a certain pass. Food and water were placed in all the life boats and the crew were standing by ready to lower them at a moment's notice. Even if we had a chance to get the boats into the water, I don't think they would have been of any value as the sea was just a mountain of waves. We sat on deck for three or four hours huddled together, wrapped in blankets, almost holding our breath. At last the word was passed that we had passed the danger point and would soon be at Dutch Harbor. Then other complications set in.

Our radio operator called Dutch Harbor to ask if the harbor had been mined, but could get no answer; so on we went into the harbor anyway. If it had been mined, we would have been blown sky-high. One of the navy's Y. P. boats came alongside as we came in with its guns staring us in the face. We later found that we had been signaled and asked to identify ourselves, but we had not seen the signal. We were just lucky not to have been fired upon from the coast defense guns as they were just waiting for the word. Boy, were we glad to set foot on muddy ground again. This was Tuesday, December 9th. Right away we nine sailors were taken to the marine barracks and there issued rifles, bandoliers of ammunition, and gas masks and told to carry them with us at all times and to put them close to our bed at night so we could grab them in a moment. We were given one of the defense cottages which had just been finished. And that's our home. All of the women except a few nurses have been evacuated. So far we have had a black-out nightly and you would never think it could be so dark until you tried to walk around in it as we have to do occasionally when on duty.

December 31st.

Today I saw how lucky I really am. A few days ago our patrol boats picked up a Dutch East Indies boat with a crew composed mostly of Chinese. There also were two Japanese aboard who were placed under arrest at once. This boat had been at sea some time without any food or water, and today I saw that boat and the crew. They were tied up at Unalaska and I had to go to talk to the captain about getting a part of the engine repaired. Most of these Chinese were of small features. None of the crew except the higher officers could speak English and they very little. Most of the poor devils were without clothes and shoes; that is, except rags, and were like a gang of children or more like a gang of chattering monkeys when we gave them clothes and supplies. Of course, I guess they never have had much, but it just takes something of this nature to make us realize how fortunate we are even to be alive and Americans. Quite a few people I know would profit by seeing a sight such as this. Certainly they are continuously at war. Who wouldn't fight, having to live and earn a living as they do? I guess none of us are ready to die, but if giving up our life would right such wrongs as these, I don't think there's a man in the crowd who wouldn't fight to a finish. I'm ready.

January 8, 1942.

Well, things are going along about the same: still watching, still waiting. For what? No one knows.

ROBERT W. BRYANT, '35, RM 1/c.



# Early Days In New Guinea

New Guinea,  
June 3, 1944.

Dear .....



I thought you might like to know more about New Guinea as we early arrivals in this theater saw it, and I believe I can express my opinions along this line without being censored.

New Guinea, when one looks at it in this manner, was like a new and virgin country to the American soldier on his arrival here in those first months.

A strange land of green jungles, and on the coast cocoanuts trees laid out in lines like a plantation. Coming up by ships we skirted the coast—beautiful scenery from that distance. Picturesque islands—water—crystal-clear with vari-colored fish and coral reefs plainly visible in its depths—truly a setting for a sarong-clad maiden as in the Lamour productions. All this is from shipboard—now let's go ashore.

Over the side of the ship with full equipment—down a cargo net to a waiting barge. We do this after nightfall. We're anxious to get ashore to this apparently beautiful land and out of danger of being caught aboard ship during a raid.

We reach shore and assemble in the darkness. Our packs are heavy now and the straps cut into our shoulders. Everyone is weary and hoping we will soon be on our way to a camping ground for the night. As we wait we catch a glimpse of a native woman in a grass skirt as she passes near the headlights of a truck. Wow! Everyone forgets his burden for the moment. She quickly disappears into the darkness. Now we begin to take stock of our surroundings—the road is a one-lane affair as if it might have been used only for wagon traffic—it is also muddy from a recent rain. A flashlight appears ahead and we form in file and follow it down the road—the only thing to lead us in the darkness. We slip and slide on our way. The light is a hundred yards ahead of me, and I follow the fellow in front of me. I hear the splash of water as we come to a dip in the road. Soon I feel the water—cold—as it seeps through my leggins into my shoes. I feel the bottom of the stream-bed cautiously with my feet—in the darkness not knowing whether the next step will plunge me into water deep enough to swim in. We take the streams in our stride now—we're already soaked and a bit cooler now. After about a half mile we fall out to one side of the road—our bivouac area. Half of it is covered by tough grass chest-high—the other half in a rocky soil. I pick a spot and cut the grass with my bayonet—find a partner (the medical man in our outfit) and am lucky, for he has a hatchet for driving our tent pegs. We take our shelter halves and pitch tent (pup tent). We spread our raincoats over the grass and spread our blankets over this—put our mosquito bars

over the open front and with our equipment under cover proceed to get some sleep—many fully clothed and with wet feet and leggings. However, I took mine off and was fairly comfortable except for a rock hidden under the grass which was pressing into my back. The ants and insects I ignored and was soon fast asleep. Awoke the next morning to find ourselves nearly in the middle of several native huts. Was surprised at their relatively small stature when compared with our fellows; also the way the women carry the heavy loads by a basket on the back and a strap-like band over their heads while the men walk in front with no load at all. The many-skirted women—the tall palms—everything is different but the rain, mud and mosquitoes.

The New Guinea of today still is strange to the uninitiated, but it is changed. Two-lane highways, airstrips, bombers, fighters and transports (even Piper Cubs), malaria control with sprays on stagnant water, drainage of swamps. Traffic jams on the roads and thousands of soldiers, sailors, seabees and marines. Even a few GI radio stations for the GI's enjoyment. A changed New Guinea. A land of future development with promise after the war. Such is my account as a GI sees New Guinea.

Tech. Sgt. STANLEY M. SAMUEL, JR., ex '38.

## Afloat and Ashore

Dear Mom, Dad, Sis:



In Port,  
March 20, 1944.

Today is the second birthday of the U. S. S. South Dakota and at present it rests calmly and quietly in an unnamed harbor waiting for its next opportunity to go to work on the Japs. In the past two years, since it left the States, it has travelled over one hundred thousand miles, or four times around the earth. During that time it has boosted its own score against the Japs to a new high to be disclosed at some later date.

I think I mentioned in my last letters our activities at sea and our contact with the enemy. Now I want to write about our life in port, after we have returned from a tour of sea duty.

When I use the word port, don't think of San Francisco, Bremerton, Brooklyn or any place like that. Think of the wide spaces of the ocean and imagine us with our anchor down. In fact there is not much difference now between "in port" and "at sea." At sea, we stand battle watches night and day, always ready for action. In port we have other kinds of watches, and for the most part we are free from combat work—to do other kinds. As soon as we reach port a tanker comes alongside and we fuel. After some hours this leaves us; we put away

fueling gear and get ready for ammunition. This takes a day or two of around-the-clock work depending on the amount we need—and we generally need plenty. Next we take on stores—tons and tons of them—and what a job. But all of this is a primary necessity, and the first week in port is one of concentrated work. After this we have time for rest and recreation, but it is always of the utmost importance to have the “Old Girl” ready for action, and we have to think of her before we think of ourselves.

What kind of recreation do we have? In the first place there is no shore liberty. Twice a day recreation parties leave the ship for a nearby beach. They take along a couple of footballs, a baseball or two, and have what fun they can running up and down the coral beach and swimming in the waters which were not too long ago entirely Jap controlled. In the afternoon aboard ship we rig a volley ball net on the fantail. In the library we have a stock of athletic gear, and the afternoon looks like Sunday afternoon at a recreation center with baseballs, softballs, and footballs flying through the air. You are either throwing one or ducking one. Then, too, all of our boxers work out so that if we are not actively engaged we can at least watch what is going on.

At four o'clock the bugle sounds swimming call, and the air is filled with hurtling bodies, some diving from the deck, some going over the side on cargo nets. Four marines stand by with rifles to shoot any unwary shark that might be too inquisitive, but since we have been in this port none have been seen.

In the evenings we have movies on deck. Every week since being here we have had a boxing show, with boxers from other ships as our guests. In addition to this we have a very good ship's orchestra and groups of entertainers. We send them over to other ships, and they in turn let us have their performers so that we get a variety that way. However, you can get pretty tired of looking at men all this time. We have decided that what our band needs is a female vocalist or two, or three, or—how did I get off on this?

Mail has been coming regularly, but the big moment in a long time came a few days ago. A ship came alongside with ammunition. It was fresh from the States and had a huge shipment of Coca-Cola. The boys went over the side like pirates and each bought his own case. It was the first we have had in many months. This ship has no soda fountain or ice cream plant as these accessories and luxuries were taken off when we came out to fight.

Well, I guess that's all the news for this time. So keep me in mind in your prayers and also in your letter writing. All I can say to you at this time is that I am well, safe, and happy. There is only one thing which could increase my happiness; that is, to walk down the gangplank and put my feet once again on the good old U. S. A.

Much love,

SON

(WALTER H. SAUNDERS, SC/2C, '45).



# A Soldier In Iceland

Base Quartermaster Office,  
Iceland Base Command  
March 16, 1945.

Dear .....



Have been meaning to write you for some time, ever since I got here, but didn't get settled until a few days ago. I am working at personnel in Headquarters Company and it isn't too bad. This work is the key to every position known in the Army, but the trouble is finding a lock it fits.

I arrived here the last part of February and much to my amazement the place isn't as expected, and the worst was expected. Iceland is old, like the bitter winds that still reign over her—rugged, strange and distant with its treacherous fjords, mountains, lava-splashed hills and ice beds. It is beautiful with a deep unexplainable desolate kind of beauty that I don't like to know, or any Southerner for that matter. The wind is the key to Iceland's beauty and changeable weather. It has stricken Iceland bare of nature's non-essentials and what is left is solid and raw. It has to be.

Iceland is unpredictable. Nowhere does the sun shine brighter, rain fall harder, and icy breezes cut sharper. Nowhere can the wind whip itself into such agonized uproar of madness, nor can nature show herself to be more calm and submissive when she chooses to. Biting winds, jagged ice peaks, geysers and boiling springs, water, fire and desolation—that is Iceland. From a struggle to survive has come civilization—modern, broad-minded, and far-seeing. Cities with expensive hotels, office buildings and modern homes, swing bands and jitterbugs. There are also hamburgers, but a definite lack of Pulley's. There are fishermen, sailors, farmers, merchants, students and intellectuals; children, blonde and beautiful, and blondes that aren't children, but still beautiful.

Iceland is the fourth largest island in the North Atlantic (I've been reading up on it). It has 540,000 square miles with 120,000 people. It was settled by Vikings, Celts and others. Bjarni Herjulfsson of Iceland discovered America in the year 981, more than 450 years before Columbus was born. Leif Ericsson (Eric the Red) set foot on the mainland of America in AD 1000. Looks like Columbus was scooped. Enough about this place though.

I could write a lot more about Iceland, but don't think you would be interested and I can't write too much about the camp here. It's a good safe place so far, but that's beside the point. We live in tin cans cut in half and packed with sandbags, but they are very cosy inside and look more like a room at college than Army huts.

What is going on at school around this time of the year? To me Petersburg High is still my school. Maybe it's the length of service put in there.

Nothing really happens here. One night I did see the Northern Lights flashing across the mountains. Blue, green and dark orange mixing together and giving off a weird half-light that glowed and ran in streaks across the sky. Very beautiful but eerie.

Give my regards to everyone.

Yours,

BILL

(Pvt. WILLIAM M. JOLLY, '43).

## In The Philippines

The Philippines,  
January 25, 1945.

Dear Folks,



At the moment there are about six Philippino children gathered around my tent. One, Eugenio Agas, has taken quite a fancy to us and has hardly moved from our shadow since arriving. Yesterday four of them built us a bamboo structure and a floor off the ground and we feel quite elegant. One, whose last name is

Galiban, spent five months in the Philippino army.

They all feel bitter hatred for the Japanese—they stole most of their food, clothes, etc., and whenever they met a Jap had to bow very low or be slapped across the face. Whenever they (the Japanese) wanted rice, they just stuck a flag in the best section of the field and that automatically made it theirs.

The Spanish influence around this section has largely disappeared except for names, Catholicism, and some of the buildings. Few of them know any Spanish. Yesterday Galiban came to invite Bob Hinson and me to visit him at his home, but I wasn't here; so possibly we will go today. Most of their homes are of bamboo and are well off the ground. They are very strong and are kept in immaculate condition.

There are lots of flowering shrubs in most of the yards. The most common is a flower which looks like a cross between an Althea and a Hybiscus and is a bright red. Bananas are abundant, and I hope to get some before long. Pineapple, I understand, does not grow well in this particular locality.

Cocoonut trees are all around us and the juice tastes much better than that in New Guinea. The natives think nothing of climbing a tree and getting them.

The people are very clean-cut, highly moral, and very religious, and some very pretty. They are very small for their age—I nearly always underestimate when guessing how old they are.

This is the dry season over here, and they say that it doesn't rain any at all 'til May, and then it pours for three months without ceasing.

Our air supremacy is very apparent over here, I am glad to say. It's a comfortable feeling to see so many of our planes.

With love,

PINCKNEY

(CORP. DAVID PINCKNEY POWERS, JR., '38.)

## A Visit To Rome

Dear Mom:

Italy,

June 27, 1944.



The big news is I have been to see Rome, and though I might not have seen all of it, I did the best I could. Sure did have a good time and wish I could run in and tell you about it and not have to try to put it down on paper.

First, I went to the Vatican and saw the Pope.

As you go in they give you a little medal and a picture of the Pope. Each day the Pope comes out and blesses the soldiers, and each day they give you one of the little medals. When I got them I saw the Pope. He was dressed in white and looked just as he does in the pictures. One day I was near enough to him to touch him for about twenty minutes. The Papal guard of honor were dressed in all kinds of uniforms and added lots of color and splendor to the service. After the Pope had blessed us, he got in his chair and they carried him on their shoulders from the hall.

I also went to St. Peter's, and although I knew it was the largest church in the world, I didn't think it could be so big. We had a guide to take us all through it and tell us all about each thing, but it's too much to try to even write down. I'll give you a few of the high-lights and you can read up on it in the encyclopaedia. The dome is 493 feet high, and the mosaic pictures were put in by Michaelangelo. Right under the dome is the Papal altar which stands over the tomb of St. Peter. Only the Pope can say mass from this altar, but there are 43 other altars in the church. It took over three and a half centuries to build this church, and it cost over ten million pounds sterling; each year it takes six thousand pounds to repair and clean it. The church covers a space of 240,000 square feet and can hold about fifty thousand people. It's a little larger and cost a little more than our church at Matoaca, but I love ours best and feel more at



home in it. There are over seven hundred pillars of marble, limestone and bronze and 391 statues. We went up on the dome, and you can walk around inside and out up there. You can see how big the church is when you get up there. You can see the beautiful Vatican gardens and they are beautiful. I wish I could show them to you, for you can see all of Rome from up there too. The Vatican Palace has about 11,000 rooms in it; quite a place, I would say.

I don't have too much time, so I'll just name some of the things I have seen besides St. Peter's and the Vatican. I can't remember them all, but I've seen the Palace of Justice, Castle of St. Angelo, Forum, Coliseum, Railway Station, Memorial to Victor Emanuel, Venezia Palace, Arch of Septimus Severus, St. Paul's, St. John Lateran, the Pantheon and dozens of parks, fountains, statues, Roman ruins, and I have crossed the Tiber lots of times. Have been in most of these places but not all of them.

Went to service in St. Paul's and took communion there. It is a real nice American Episcopal church and the time I was there an American chaplain held the services.

I also saw Irving Berlin's "This Is the Army" at the Royal Opera House. It was a stage show and the best one I ever saw. Irving Berlin sang several songs himself and parts of a new one he is writing ran, "When the Boys Come Home." Some day soon I hope you can hear it and the boys can come home too. Boy, that will be a happy day. The Opera House is beautiful. I sat right in front of the King's box, but of course he wasn't there; I had one of the best seats in the house.

Love you all,

JUNIE

(CORP. RALPH MANN, JR., ex-'28.)

## A Trip to Paris

Dear Dr. Mason,

France,

Feb. 11, 1945.



Now I can write you about the trip to Paris. Sorry I had to put it off until now, but almost the next day after I returned we became quite busy and no time seemed left for long letters or, in fact, any at all. Everything is under control now, so I'll see if I can remember everything and not bore you too much with details.

The time was altogether too short, but I crowded everything possible into the two days. The hotel was quite nice, but had one serious drawback—there was no heat except in the dining room and one little bar. There was plenty of hot water, and it was grand to fill the tub with it and steam awhile before retiring at night.

I took in everything available in such a short time. One night we went to the "Follies Bergere." It was not very good—even the men who have gone from here to see it felt a little cheated. Maybe, in peace time they are different.

One afternoon was spent taking a bus tour of all the important places or rather the better known tourist sights in the city. Included were Eiffel Tower, Notre-Dame, Arch of Triumph, Napoleon's tomb, the Louvre, the Latin quarter, and many others. The Champs-Elysees is a beautiful place—but then the whole city must be very beautiful in peace time, or even now it will be as soon as the slush and debris are cleared away.

I shopped up and down the famous Rue de la Paix—the window type shopping I assure you. There are many lovely things to buy, but who has the money to pay the huge prices demanded? One little rayon scarf I priced was a scant \$45.00—sounds ridiculous, but that's the way prices seem to run for about everything. I went to see a style show at Maggie Rouff's one half hour. Some lovely things were shown; the least expensive was a little sports dress for \$280.00. The people don't want to sell to Americans or other outsiders, for they need all the clothing available for the people of France. Unfortunately, the people haven't enough to pay the prices asked.

The trip back was really the grandest thing imaginable. We came on a beautiful train—lovely compartments with good berths, heat, hot and cold running water, and every convenience one could ask. It was a long trip but I'm glad I went, for I may not get another chance. I'm hoping for a return in the spring, but that can't be depended on.

Lots of love,

ELENORA

(LIEUT. ELENORA PARKER, ex-'35, Army Nurse.)

## With the Marines on Iwo

Dear Mother,



Iwo Jima,  
Tuesday, 6 March 45  
(I think)

Today is about D+15 and the battle still goes on. However, if everything goes O. K., tomorrow should be the last day. My outfit and myself have been very lucky. We have been on the beachhead 1 the whole time, and our beach was not as hot as the others. I landed about 10 A. M. D+1 and worked steadily for about 6 or 7 days. Very little to eat and very little

sleep. Jap artillery and mortars pounded us every once in a while and your son was lucky to come out of D+1 night alive. They were hitting within 10 to 20 yards of me. Most of my buddies have come through O. K. Lots of my friends in the 28th have been hurt, but I don't know who. Johnny Jones\* is up front with the tanks and is O. K. as far as I know. I heard his tank was knocked out, but no one in it was hurt.

Right now there is a heavy cruiser off our beach pouring shells on the Jap positions. The artillery on the hill behind opens up every once in a while too. The blasts shake my little foxhole.

This morning I went over to the west side of the island to take a bath, but I didn't get much dirt off. I am a filthy something—my clothes and myself are past dirty. I haven't shaved since I came ashore and have quite a beard.

It is warm here in the day time, but it gets pretty cool at night. I am as comfortable as could be expected, but I will be glad to leave, which I hope to do in about 3 or 4 days.

There is too much to write it all. Some of it I never want to think of.

Love,

BILLY

(LIEUT. WILLIAM BRAGG RUSSELL, '37.)

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\*Capt. John R. Jones, '38, Tank Battalion.

## Fantasy

By JOHN KINKER, JR.

*The moon is a ball  
Fixed in the sky.  
It's a snowball that children  
Throw so high.*

*Being close to the sun,  
It melts from sight,  
Again to be whole  
Some other night.*



# Sailing

By MARTHA ROBINSON

## I

*What a beautiful sight is before my eyes,  
For my pretty boat in the distance lies.  
It is waiting there for the moments gay,  
That will send me rapidly on my way,  
To toss with every breeze.*

*With the wind in my sails I just glide along,  
Rocked by the waves to the lilt of a song.  
First up and then down, 'tis such jolly fun  
To joyfully float out under the sun,  
Away from land and trees.*

*My spirits are high from the thrills that I get,  
For what is a sail if you don't get wet?  
When the jib seems to make my sailboat fly,  
Then my joy becomes boundless as the sky,  
And wide as seven seas.*

## II

By ANNE ROBINSON

*To sail a boat on a windy day  
Fulfills a joyous life for me.  
I start just at the break of dawn  
And I feel so gay and gorgeously free.  
The clearcut lines of the sturdy small boat  
And the sails that are filled with the morning breeze,  
The foamy wake in the salty brine  
As the prow cuts each wave with such graceful ease—  
All fill my soul with such comfort and glee,  
And the swish of the waves that keep lapping the side  
Takes my mind off the troubles each new day brings forth  
As if they by chance might go out with the tide.*

# The Founding of The Missile

By CHARLES EDGAR GILLIAM, '12



IN the fall of 1911 Miss Maude Hobbs, teacher of senior English, suggested to a meeting of the Petersburg High School senior class the idea of publishing a monthly magazine.

The class consisted of Misses Mary Moylan Banks, Annie Lois Chappell, Lula Cameron Hack, Lillie James, Pearl Estelle Mann, Cora Martin Rolfe, Virginia Meade Walke, and Messrs. Meade Cook Brunet, John Archer Chappell, Charles Edgar Gilliam, Earl M. McKesson, Nicholas Brezee Munson, Charles D. Sandford, James Herbert Tench, and Ernest Nelson Townes. These together with members of the editorial board chosen from other classes founded the magazine.

For the first time, insofar as anyone could remember, there were more boys than girls in the senior class. The eight boys took a great and almost perverse interest in opposing everything the girls suggested in any class meeting. However, both boys and girls hailed Miss Hobbs' suggestion with enthusiasm and, without much ado, voted unanimously to undertake the publication of six monthly issues, the first to appear in January, 1912.

The class next proceeded to elect the following editorial and business staff: Charles Edgar Gilliam, Editor-in-Chief; Cora Rolfe and M. Frances Drewry, Associate Editors; Ernest N. Townes, Editor of "A Few Pointers"; Robert G. Butcher, Athletic Editor; Virginia M. Walke, Alumni Editor; Beatrice Coleman, Exchange Editor; Agnes Stribling, Head Reporter; Meade C. Brunet, Business Manager; Ernest N. Townes, Circulation Manager; and Frank Buchanan and Russell L. Perkinson, Assistant Business Managers.

For once it appeared that the boys and girls were in complete accord; but Miss Hobbs let slip the fact that she had consulted some of the girls as to the name of the publication and thought the simple "Petersburg High School Magazine" would be dignified.

The boys immediately went into a huddle. The upshot was that it was voted to let anyone suggest a name. The girls began suggestions, most of them with some literary significance. Miss Hobbs wrote them on the board. The boys still huddled and plotted. They were trying to think up some word that would fail to meet the approval of any girl. The result was that either Meade Brunet or Ernest Townes hit upon the word "Missile." One by one the erudite names were voted down in the traditional eight to seven. Then the name "The Missile" was proposed.

Every girl had something to say against it; and Miss Hobbs, who had no vote, delivered quite a sermon on the inadvisability of saddling such an enter-

prise with such an absolutely meaningless name. But to no avail. Both Meade Brunet and Ernest Townes declared a better name could not be found, but, when asked its significance for the purpose intended, merely replied with the thought that it would be up to the Editor-in-Chief to explain that editorially in the first issue.

Well, the editor did try to give the name significance in the leading editorial in the January, 1912, issue; but somehow all his exposition was a mild fraud on the readers. For the real reason the name was chosen was not stated, and that real reason was the malicious fun the male ever has when demonstrating it is not always true that "the female of the species is more deadly than the male," for in the matter of that name the boys in the class of 1912 had their way!

In the years that have followed this name has grown to have some real significance. For each succeeding senior class has been a shade better physically, mentally, and spiritually on the average than those preceding it. This growth has been evidenced in each succeeding publication of the high school magazine; and each annual issue of "The Missile" has been sent forth, like each succeeding graduating class, to carry with it the feeling of satisfaction shared by the school's sons and daughters for having romped and studied and dreamed and planned their advent into womanhood and manhood at the Petersburg High School.

## On Man and Nature

By ELLIS ZUCKERMAN

*The dove is cooing in yon cedar tree,  
The breast of red robin is full as can be;  
The sun earthward smiling finds joy just to know  
That his warning rays caused a rose bud to grow.*

*Men are now waking, their work to begin,  
And pray to their God that they should not sin;  
For they, like the cedar, the robin, the dove,  
Are dependent on heaven for food, drink, and love.*

*Can not we as the dove which to heaven is nigh,  
Spread peace on the earth as well as on high?  
Our earth like the sky is so fair and so bright.  
Can not we, like our forefathers, keep it so right?*



# It's Murder He Says

By ED BARKSDALE



At the outset I'd better say that I have never read a mystery novel; that is, a mystery novel in the accepted present day sense. On the other hand, you continually meet murder in books of varying degrees of literary quality, representing the products of all ages and races and ranging from the Bible to the latest opus of S. S. Van Dine. Ever since Cain killed Abel, people have been diverting themselves by entering accounts of the latest manifestations of man's homicidal instinct on reams and reams of paper—or papyrus or sheepskin or stone or whatever seems to have been on hand. Likewise, throughout the ages, even more people have passed the winter's evenings by the fireside and the summer's afternoons in a hammock reading the latest detective novel.

In viewing murder in all its historical aspects as reflected by its literature, you can see that although the fundamentals of murder and sleuthing have not changed, there has been considerable elaboration in method.

The ancients seem to have lacked the delicacy of the more recent murderers. They simply butchered whom they pleased, where they pleased, with a sword, bludgeon or similar instrument, and tickled their babies under the chin afterwards. Usually they did not feel the strong arm of the law, mainly because they were laws unto themselves; making no secret of the affair, they usually caused their fellows to feel any investigation superfluous. The woman's way, poison or poniard, was as effective and quieter and has been just about her mainstay all through the centuries.

However, as you progress from those straightforward, uncomplicated times you find yourself in the Dark Ages where murder gathered a more sinister import. Its forms assumed a bewildering complexity that succeeding ages have scarcely equaled; and although it lacked perhaps the grace and clarity of more recent times, it more than made up for these qualities in its wantonness, its unrelieved blackness—quite disgusting. Deservedly most of the accounts of these revolting murders have perished in wars and in fires, or otherwise sunk in oblivion. Another point to bring up is that murder as a fine art began to take form. Certain conventions were established; and in spite of frequent orgies there was probably some criterion of taste, whereby the murderer would know how to brandish his stiletto, and how not to mix his poisons. No doubt the murderer was conscious of his dexterity and confirmed in his skill through practice; and just as he would give a certain flourish in guiding the blade to its mark, so he would dodge the workings of his conscience with equal agility.

The tales which have survived sometimes give the impression that murder in

addition to being a quite personal thing was somewhat of a public enterprise. Otherwise, how could you explain how these bands of cutthroats, complete with their versions of Dale Carnegie's book, piled up so many bodies? This age, though marked by a notable progression in form, was no less sanguinary than the others. Its ethics were like umbrellas; used only when needed.

The Renaissance ushered in something entirely new, something which at once complicated and simplified matters, but which I think was a decided step towards reform. People began to regard murder not only as a violation of the right of an individual, but as a social offense. I suppose they thought if anyone else could be murdered that easily, they might as well take some protection for themselves. Simultaneous with the development of this social consciousness was the growth of the police department. Under these circumstances our sleuth makes his debut. Now there are sleuths and sleuths and sleuths. As many different types, perhaps, as there are kinds of murderers. On the other hand you can't say the number of murderers equals the number of victims. This is due to that overenthusiastic type known as the homicidal maniac.

About this time the art of murder moved from the back alley to the drawing room, so to speak; and, invested with a gentility it had never known before, it became the province of the cultured, which, needless to say, gave it a great deal of distinction. This was the Age of Reason (it was also the period of the French Revolution), and politeness was its first principle.

A signal innovation was the introduction of the gun, marking the advent of the Industrial Revolution, which, as any fool would see, would revolutionize the art of murder. The next step, development of the scientific way of thinking, was an evidence of the change of the art to a science. I personally think of it neither as an art nor as a science, but as something the plotting and execution of which embodies some of the characteristics of both. Others maintain that the murder itself is an art and the subsequent detection a science. Unquestionably, it was a turn for the better. Murder purged itself of its more unsavory elements, abolishing the absurd posturings of the Medieval Ages and giving itself over to simplification and the sweet reasonableness of our Modern Age. The art of murder has undergone modifications and broadened its scope. It has given itself a thorough housecleaning. Streamlined methods are definitely more efficient.

This new order offers an amazingly varied choice of weapons; ballistics, chemistry, electricity, electronics, and even cosmic rays figure importantly. Modern design makes the big difference. It also has wielded an enormous influence on detective novels. Since I have not read any of the contemporary works, I do not know to what extent. However, you occasionally meet old-fashioned as well as remodeled murder, richly satisfying too, in other kinds of literature. I happen to think of the murders in Hamlet and Macbeth and the celebrated murder of that celebrated fellow, Julius Caesar, perhaps more famous for his murder than

any thing he ever did, the murder of the father in "The Brothers Karamazov", and others.

Now here's a closing remark pertinent to issues being heatedly discussed in academic circles. When you rise in the morning, intent on dispatching the first person you see, don't be taken in entirely by the misleading chatter of modern utilitarian methods; don't forget the tremendous heritage of the past, that the earliest murderers were the greatest. So when on the point of electrocuting someone, be reminded of when Achilles slaughtered Hector and dragged him seven times around the walls of Troy and run your victim through with a sword; make no bones about it.

## Cinquains

### Last Night

By JOHN KINKER, JR.

*Last night,  
With stealthy strokes,  
Nature veiled my garden  
With crystal gauze, and sealed my rose  
With death.*

### Panhandler

By JOSEPH LASALA

*Mister . . . .  
With whining plea  
The mole uptilts his face.  
And with a muffled sound, a shuffle,  
He slinks.*

### Sleepy Head

By GLORIA C. MELVIN

*The sun  
Sinks into  
The clouds as a drowsy babe  
Rests his head upon his pillow  
To sleep.*



# A Tribute To Unknown Heroes

By PRESTON HODGES

*Few can live and heroes be  
Die, yet long remain.  
A life that can is the kind of life  
That was not lived in vain.  
But common folk must tread life's path,  
And they have want of gain.*

*Not all can live in glory's blaze,  
Or die in a flare of flame.  
There are many who never reach the stars,  
Yet have a right to fame.  
We do not know the deeds they did;  
Nor do we know their name.*

*Some will trudge the rocky road  
To castles above the sky;  
And heaven's final judgment day  
Will sound their praises high.  
The little things in life they did,  
Others failed to try.*

## Battle

By JANE EANES

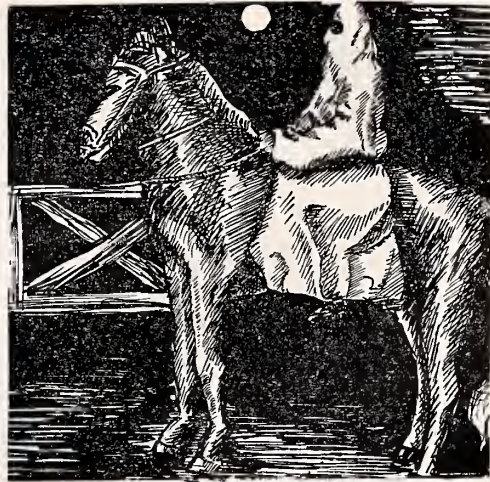
*Out of the dark tempestuous deep  
A gale begins to blow.  
Gigantic waves at war do creep  
Towards their ancient foe.  
  
The cannons shell the rocky beach;  
The winds attack o'erhead.  
The lightning to the rear does reach,  
And hail comes down like lead.  
  
The battle is lost, the waves retreat,  
The land they did not gain.  
The ocean retires at its defeat  
To wait and try again.*

# Every Night's Not Hallowe'en

By PRESTON HODGES



**C**HARLIE GLASS was the sort of person who made up his mind quickly and acted more on impulse than by reason. Once he had reached a decision, heaven and earth could not prevail upon him to alter it. That was the way it had been with everything he had ever done, especially selling his farm. Years afterwards, when Charlie was again living on the old place, his friends would continually remind and torment him about that so nearly disastrous experience.



In the late fall of 1904 Charlie approached the group of farmers gathered about the country store and announced that he was going West. No reason was given, but his friends whispered that he had met a girl from Kentucky whom he really liked.

"She's not like all the rest," spoke up Lindsey. "Wouldn't be surprised if Charlie didn't get married this time."

"Oh, I don't know," retorted Sam Johnson. "Charlie's been a bachelor forty years and probably will be for forty more."

In the next few days Glass sold the two hundred and eighty acre farm which had been left to him by his mother. He sold it mighty cheap for good land bordering the Banister River; but he was determined to sell, even the valuable livestock on his place.

Just before leaving, Glass stopped by Sam's to say good-bye. "By the way," he said, "be nice to that Daniels Guy that's moving on my place. He'll be lonesome till his folks come up from North Carolina."

Still no explanation and off Charlie went. Little did Sam Johnson ever expect to see him again in Halifax County, but one never knew about Charlie.

In due time Sam rode over and paid his respects to his new neighbor. He liked Daniels tolerably well, yet somehow didn't feel as if he would ever be as close a friend as Charlie had been. In a way he was sorry for Daniels, who was living entirely alone in the old twelve-room farm house about five hundred yards from the river.

Towards dusk one evening two weeks later the usual store gathering was greatly astounded by the arrival of Charlie Glass.

Between chews of tobacco Lindsey managed to mutter, "West too wild for you, Charlie?" while other friends chimed in with various greetings and exclamations.

Not bothering to answer, Charlie began to talk hurriedly in his old nonchalant way. "Listen, fellows," he said, "I'm aiming to buy back my farm, but Daniels won't sell. He bought it cheap and means to hold on to it. I don't blame him for that; but nevertheless I must regain my farm somehow. If he won't sell after I talk to him tomorrow, I want you to help me think of some way to get him out."

"Tell 'im it's haunted," spoke up Uncle Joe, the colored handy-man around the store.

"Not a bad idea, Joe. He looks like the type to scare easily," said Glass.

In the week that followed Glass vainly spent most of his waking hours trying to persuade Daniels to sell out. He even went so far as to raise the price five hundred dollars, but Daniels was firm. Finally Charlie realized that he had met a man of his own persistence and would have to outwit him by another method.

With the help of friends the rumor was spread throughout Halifax County that the old Glass place was haunted. Even if Daniels remained, he would be unable to secure any farm laborers, for not a negro would go within two miles of the would-be haunted house. However, Daniels tenaciously continued to live there.

Glass was beginning to worry a little when he suddenly conceived the miraculous idea of making Daniels actually see the spirits he'd heard about. It would be difficult to portray a ghost in any form, but Charlie was determined to carry through his plans. All of his friends heartily approved of his idea and were quite willing to participate.

The next bright moonlight night found Glass and five friends, bedecked with sheets, chains, pots, pans, and various rattling objects, near Daniels' home awaiting Sam Johnson. Presently Sam came up riding his white mule. He dismounted and Charlie mounted. His friends draped the sheets about him and tied the impedimenta to the mule. Accompanied by an increasing display of amusement from his companions, Charlie galloped wildly around the farm house. In that attire he really looked enough like the Headless Horseman to have terrified Bram Bones, but how would Daniels take it? The loud pounding of the mule's hoofs upon the solidly frozen ground plus a great rattling of metal soon brought results. While making his third round, Glass perceived a night-shirted figure dash out of the house, as if on wings, and run down the river road. The chase, which lasted several miles, was really on! Charlie swore he'd never seen



a man, run as Daniels had that night. Stopping for nothing, the frightened farmer sped into the river lowgrounds.

Glass rejoined his fellow conspirators to await Daniels' return, but two hours later he had still not come back. The group vainly searched the surrounding territory. The night was deadly cold and the men began to worry that their frightened neighbor, clad only in light night-clothes, would suffer from the cold.

As a last recourse they set the blood-hounds on his track. Baying loudly, the dogs followed his trail four miles into the river swamps. When the men arrived, they found the hounds barking excitedly at the foot of a swamp willow. They looked up and saw Daniels about half-way up the tree clinging desperately to its trunk with both arms. With great difficulty they carried the exhausted, half-frozen, one-hundred and eighty-pound man back to the farm.

His condition was such that a doctor had to be summoned immediately. All night long Glass waited anxiously by the sick man's bedside. He promised again and again that if Daniels would recover he would never play another prank as long as he lived. Several months elapsed before Daniels had regained strength of mind and body. Charlie was so truly sorry for what he had done that he told Daniels to remain on the farm and he would never again be bothered.

"Never!" said Daniels, recalling that miserable night spent in the lowgrounds. "Just give me my money, and I'm going back to North Carolina, where a stranger has a chance."

## The Warden

By PRESTON HODGES

*The moon is guardian of the sky;  
The silent sentinel of the night,  
Her task to guard that black domain,  
To keep its jewels shining bright  
And sparkling with a starry light.*

*With yellow dust from golden beams,  
She nightly polishes each one.  
Then smiling behind her fading face,  
Content and calm, her job well done,  
At dawn her post she yields to the sun.*

# Hurry! Hurry!

By BOB BAXTER



IN the course of daily activities on the face of this earth, one is obliged to come in contact with many things about which, wisely or otherwise, he forms definite opinions. Among these things are some which make us happy, some which depress us, some which irritate us, and some which manage to become our pet hates. Of the many petty annoyances which somehow find their way into this group, the thing that most gets under my skin is the eternal hurry in which the majority of Americans live today. Oftentimes when you are crossing the street, an over-anxious motorist with a quick jack-rabbit start may dust his fender off on the seat of your trousers, or while entering a store, you may be trampled or even stomped by impatient customers wanting to purchase some of the remaining goods before you have had your chance. All my life I have seen little cause for the hurry in cafeteria lines, theater lines, in stores, and traffic in unessential causes. After working for the past two years in a part time job as a clerk in a modern drug store, I find myself disliking hurrying more than ever. Many times I have waited on a fat, unpleasant, high blood-pressured customer, in the biggest kind of a hurry to have his prescription filled and get out of the store, although he never seems to have anything more important to do than to spend the remainder of the evening standing idly on the corner in a "bull session" with some more loafers. Many other people in a hurry to get their prescriptions filled probably would not have had to go to a doctor at all if they hadn't hurried so to get the last one filled. Often also I have sympathized with doctors who come into the store complaining of being called in the early hours of the morning asking them to come at once because "Susie has been sick for three days and she really should have a doctor." It would have been easier on the doctor, mother, and child if the call had been made when the patient had first become sick, but no, the favored way seems to be to wait as long as possible and then tell the physician to hurry. Sometimes I think I was born thirty years too late and have sudden attacks of wishing that I had lived in the days that my employer occasionally longingly refers to, when the customers expressed their desire to have their prescriptions compounded carefully, and didn't ask hurriedly, "How much will it cost and how long will it take?"

# 233 Jefferson Street

By MARTHA LEE CHAMBLISS



TALES of ghosts and haunted houses always arouse my curiosity; for, in the middle of my block stands an old, gray, dim, frame house that looks as though the rain might leak through and that a storm might blow it over. The house was built on a small hill in the center of a fertile lot. The windows, covered with cobwebs, embrace an eerie tale.

The day when I learned the strange story of the house was dreary and rainy. Despite my eagerness to get home, I was magnetically drawn to the house. Fearfully I walked up the steps and found shelter under its dilapidated roof. A neighbor passed by and, noting my interest, told me the story connected with this particular house.

"Twenty years ago," he narrated, "the house was newly built, and its loveliness, both inside and out, was the pride of the neighborhood. The three occupants, two sisters and a brother, were always welcoming new guests and cordially greeting neighbors.

"Dan Barrie was a rising young architect, but due to poor health was constantly bound to his sisters' loving, capable care. Friends sadly shook their heads at the older sister, Ellen, who acknowledged the existence of no other man but her brother. Jill, the younger, was of a less serious turn of mind than her sister.

"The grandfather clock struck six, and supper was on the table.

"'Where is Dan?' asked Jill impatiently. 'He knows that we eat at six.'

"'He'll be down any moment,' said Ellen placidly, while eyeing her sister coldly. 'Dan must not over-exert himself, and you know that he was tired this afternoon.'

"The moving hands on the grandfather clock showed six-twenty, and still Dan did not appear.

"'Dan, Dan,' yelled Jill.

"'Hush,' admonished Ellen. 'Can't you be a lady for once? Do you want the neighbors to hear you?'

"Silently she walked up the steps. Upon reaching Dan's door, Ellen softly





called him name. When an ensuing knock brought no answer, she opened the door. Horror came to her eyes.

"Then Ellen's eyes began to focus, and they searched the room. Yes, the room was the same, the closet, bed, bureau, pajamas folded neatly on the bed. All were ready for life, but at the desk, slumped over, was Death. She knew it before touching him.

"No sound came from her lips. When Jill found her, Ellen had undressed Dan and placed him in bed.

" 'Dan is sleeping, Ellen. Why have you been here so long?'

" 'Yes, he's sleeping', said Ellen's ghost-like voice. Then she fell to the floor.

"Jill forced Ellen to move out of the house, but no one could keep Ellen away from it. Every room of the twelve-room house was bare except one, Dan's room. Each day Ellen unlocked the door, walked into the dull, dusty house, walked up creaking stairs into a room that was always ready for its occupant. The bed was neatly made, covers turned down. On the foot of the bed lay a pair of faded, moth-eaten man's pajamas. Under the bed lay a pair of cracked old slippers. The closet was filled with worn, threadbare suits and crumpled hats. The dresser drawers were empty. Everything in the room was spotless except for the large ink stain on the desk that was made there twenty years ago by a lifeless hand. Every day Ellen placed fresh flowers by the bed because Dan loved flowers.

"The twentieth anniversary of Dan Barrie's death was stormy. Lightning flashes made ghosts walk around the dilapidated, crumbling house in the middle of the block. Rain leaked through the roof, and the windows rattled.

"Suddenly a car stopped in front of the house and out jumped Ellen Barrie, old, red-headed, homely, and bitter. Frantically she turned the key in the lock, but the door refused to open. However, without any obvious effort, she finally opened the door, then ran up the stairs.

"Upon reaching Dan's room, she seemed to go crazy. She ran everywhere, touching his belongings, calling to him.

" 'Dan, Dan, where are you? Why are you hiding?'

"The town clock struck six.

" 'Dan, it's supper time. Don't be late for supper.' She spoke softly and gently, walking to the bed, stroking the pillow.

"Suddenly she screamed, 'Dan, I see you! Dan, I see you.'

"That is how Jill and her husband found Ellen. She began to beat on the desk, still crying, 'Dan, I found you!'

"That old home stands entirely deserted now. The neighborhood kids call it the 'haunted house'. Perhaps it is haunted with memories.

"No one knows what happened to Ellen, for Jill took her away."

I was so engrossed in this weird tale that I had not noticed that the rain had stopped.

"Good-by, sir," I said, extending my hand. "This meeting has been a pleasure."

With this I walked away, and I could not help hoping that Ellen would some day be with Dan. Perhaps she would be much happier if she were with him now.

## Insomnia

By JEAN SHEPHERD

*Sleep, sleep, there is no sleep  
For tired minds that seek a rest;  
Nights too long, and thoughts too deep,  
With haunting hours that measure time  
For restless weary eyes that weep.*

*I seek repose; I need release;  
I long to meet the break of dawn,  
For then my endless thoughts will cease,  
When lost in worldly things, I find  
A refuge safe and sometimes peace.*

*Oh tangled hope, oh sweet delight,  
The message comes; I see now clearly  
When fears are gone, and days are bright,  
Life is reborn, sweet dreams are ours;  
I'll sleep, my love, good night, good night.*

# Twilight

By MARJORIE JOHNSON

*The leaning trees—blown lame by strolling breezes—  
Brush their shady skirts against the ground  
And bow as blushing maidens at the end  
Of fiery dances, when the cheers abound.  
Bravo, you naughty maids! "For shame, for shame!"  
Whisper the Puritan winds, but all the same,  
They bend; display their slender limbs; fie blame.*

*The rugged gambling river gapes and stretches,  
Impressed a little with the tempting row  
Of dancing trees, turns and strides away.  
"Confound!" he grumbles gruffly; "same old show!"  
He winds his wicked way through water weeds  
That cling to his arms like cleaving social seeds,  
The snobs whose sucking mouths his water feeds.*

*The laughing lilies lying on his lap  
Ignore his arms and laugh at smiling stars,  
That wink and flirt, defying the gambler's gloating,  
Drinking their draughts in their own secluded bars.  
With smoldering souls and boastful burning hearts  
They entice the lily-maids with shiny darts  
Of gold-white diamonds, and the bicker starts.*

*Earth against high heaven and the gods,  
Nature fighting nature, and the smoke  
Ensuing from the fight with fury folds  
The fuming earth and sky in his gray cloak.  
The lilies lie disarmingly prostrate,  
Unmindful of their bitter wilting fate,  
Smiling at the universal state.*

*The chorus of chanting croaker frogs ignores  
The brawl and pitches its pipes to shriller tones—  
The high soprano frog, "Sillee—sillee—"  
The lowly booming bass—"Well, bless mah bones!"  
Along the river lie the snakes uncurled,  
And silent sleepy shrubs, their leaves unfurled,  
Watch the warring of the wayward world.*



*The frantic lightning-flies shine through the dark  
And flee to find the rising blue-gold moon.  
Now through the smoke she smiles upon it all,  
And it is still. The gambling stops—the tune.  
The dancers shrink; the lilies melt from sight;  
The river winds his way into the night;  
The stars grow dim. Nature stops the fight.*

## The Lost Generation

By ELIZABETH EDMUNDS

*Seems strange that it should fall on us,  
—This wasteful war and shameful strife—  
When minds more mature, more aged than ours—  
Heedless of love, heedless of life—  
Compelled us to fight for their sinful sakes,  
And pay with our lives for their mistakes.*

*This generation is bearing the brunt,  
Paying for that which we did not do.  
We were going to reach for the silvery stars,  
And implant our name in the sky so blue.  
But now what choice of life have we  
Since the lost generation we happen to be?*

# Second-hand Textbooks

By DAVID ROSS



ANYONE who has ever bought a second-hand textbook knows what fun it is to try to figure out what kind of person owned the book before him. For instance, if the book is worn but not torn, it probably was the book of a very studious chap who spent many an hour studying over this volume.

Sometimes you are fortunate enough to obtain a Latin book which belonged to a lazy person who has written all of the translation out in the book. However, as a rule you are not quite as lucky as you might think, because a person who resorts to this method usually makes quite a few errors.

A true piece of art is a history book which was once owned by a moustache fiend who has given Caesar a handlebar and Joan of Arc a goatee. By putting a patch on Napoleon's upper lip and a little hair over his eye our artist has made it confusing to decide whether it really is Bonaparte or a certain paperhanger with whom we are all familiar.

Then we have the geometry book of the pin-up artist who has adorned each page with a sketch of a girl in a bathing suit or reasonable facsimile. It is quite obvious that his mind often wondered from geometry, although he did seem to be interested in figures.

A rare treasure is the literature book that was formerly owned by a very considerate person who has written out all the themes of the poems and stories and underlined all the important quotations. This type of person has probably labeled all the boring stories also.

The real bargain is the book that was last owned by a pupil who opened it only twice in the whole term. How he passed is quite a mystery. However, after you have acquired such a book, you feel that it is your duty to decorate it for the pleasure of the next owner.

# Hell's Bells and Little Kittens

By MARJORIE JOHNSON



O begin with, my favorite cousin was unfortunately, or otherwise, presented with a litter of wriggling, oriental-eyed offspring by her amiable, well-meaning feline pet. I have not yet decided which was prouder, the mother or my cousin. I suspected a certain amount of jealousy between the two, but I dared not mention it. My cousin assured me that the only reason she was fond of the kittens was due to the fact that they were born on my birthday. I shall never forgive that cat! Of all the birthdays—three hundred sixty-five in a year, to be exact—she chose mine on which to bring her babies into the world. I had a vague idea of what her next suggestion would be and quickly recommended that we go for a walk. Fate, however, cannot be avoided or hindered; so the inevitable came. She would like to present me with one of the “adorable little things” for my birthday. By doing so she would, no doubt about it, accomplish two purposes with that one act: rid herself of one of the kittens and supply me with a birthday gift. I made haste to assure her that it could not be moved for months, for moving would endanger its sensitive lives, all nine of them. She, in turn, made it a point to call a veterinary to determine the exact date of mobility. After convincing me that three weeks were sufficient time for its weaning, I could do nothing else but accept the thing or hurt the feelings of both the vain mother and her mistress.

I feigned sickness at first in order to avoid the procedure of bringing my newly-acquired pet home. Living at least six miles from my cousin and with no other means of transportation—save taxi, which was beyond my allowance level—I was forced to travel by bus. To make matters worse, it was a rule of the company that all animals should be barred from their vehicles. With all the odds of both nature and man against me, I boarded the homeward-bound bus with my present in a shoe box tucked beneath my arm. Needless to say, the bus was crowded, and people pressed me to the extent of almost suffocating both me and the kitten. To my dismay I discovered that we, with all our precaution, had neglected to provide the box with air holes; and in the midst of the swaying of the bus and people alike, I heard that faint, but unmistakable, “meow” issuing from the box.

I quickly lifted the top a fraction of an inch and peered inside. The bright green eyes that met mine were filled with a mixture of anger and bewilderment and pleaded for air. I tore two fairly large holes in the end of the box, breaking one of my newly-filed prized finger nails. People began to stare at my actions, and from their faces I judged that they wondered if I carried the box around in order to amuse myself by tearing holes in its sides.



The cat, quite contented with his fresh air which was not half carbon dioxide, settled into a fit of deep purring. I thought that had he been a human being, he would have possessed a terrific bass voice capable of resounding for miles. To cover his loud murmurings, I began humming a little tune, thumping time against the box with my fingers. I looked around to see if people were still staring. Undoubtedly they were, but not at me; for protruding from one of the holes was a long unmistakable black tail wagging slowly back and forth in perfect rhythm of "All Through the Night." I rendered a terrific blow upon the tip of his tail which resulted in his loud wail. A nodding soldier nearby told the lady next to him to keep her baby quiet. She, in turn, shot daggers into my heart which made me weak for a second. I smiled apologetically her way, but she didn't forgive me.

All was well for a few moments until an elderly man turned to me and said, "I beg your pardon."

Thinking that he had done some trivial thing, I assured him that it was all right. His face was a mask of total surprise. He soon turned again uttering the same words.

"Of course," I agreed.

"Young lady," he said with a tone of annoyance, "if you would like to say something to me, please say it, and stop poking me in the back with those infernal finger nails!"

"I beg your pardon!" I said, quite surprised.

It seemed that we were passing away the time by begging each other's pardons, but I had no idea what he meant and was quite peeved at his behavior. He turned once more to his former position. Suddenly I was aware of a tugging beneath my arm and looked down just in time to see two claws dangling from the holes in the box, clutching playfully at the man's coat, snagging threads, and pulling them toward the holes. At this the man whirled around; and I stood helplessly without defense, but with a considerable amount of offense.

"Young lady—" he began, quite red in the face by this time, but he never finished. He was evidently a victim of feline-phobia or the "black cat" superstition; for immediately upon seeing the animal's paws, he shrank back and called out hoarsely for the driver to stop the bus. I felt the blood draining slowly from my head; and when I thought my end had come, someone slapped me crudely on the back.

I heard someone saying (I later learned it to be the bus driver), "It sure takes a cat to get rid of that old 'pain-in-the-neck.'"

To this day I don't know whether he meant me or the kitten; for at that moment the sleepy soldier, who had pleaded with the lady to hush the cries of her baby, arose from his seat, pushed me aside (and the rest who were in his

way), saying loudly, "Cats or women! What's the difference! Let me out o' here!"

Just then the baby began to cry, and the kitten, not to be slighted in any way, commenced his wailing; and I let him, for, after all, who am I to compete with a son of the devil who is capable of ringing the bells of hell?

## Wind

By BILL KELLOGG

*The wind is an orchestra ever playing  
A melodious symphony, wholly supreme;  
A breeze in the pines gives a flowing andante,  
Violas presenting the beautiful theme.*

*The gently rustling zephyr plucks  
The strings of a harp the whole day long  
While the wind through chasms sets oboes moaning  
The wonderful largo of nature's song.*

*A roaring crescendo is quickly attained  
When a gale descends from the far northwest,  
And cymbals crash at window panes  
As the volume of sound approaches its crest.*

*Although the sound of the wind is varied and queer,  
God, the conductor, makes it all sweet to the ear.*



# The Music Box

By JO CAROL THOMAS



HE child's fingers hovered hesitantly above the fragile gold box, as if loath to touch it for fear of marring its perfect beauty. Finally, however, the little dimpled hand gently grasped the lid of the box and ran a tiny finger caressingly over the delicately wrought figures of a miniature lady and gentleman of the "hoop-skirt and powdered wig" era, which stood upright on the gold-filigree top.

The figurines were delicately tinted in soft pastel shades. The gentleman, bowing courteously before the lady, wore breeches of the palest green, with a handsome apricot vest, and a coat of softest gray. His powdered wig was tied with a matching apricot ribbon, and beautifully wrought ruffles showed at his throat and wrists. The maiden wore the loveliest gown imaginable. It was a soft dawn rose, with an over-skirt of tiny filigree gold lace. The skirt was caught up at intervals by the minutest of fairy rose-buds, and a wreath of rose-buds crowned her beautiful hair. Her face was hidden by a fan, held in a tiny porcelain hand, over which she seemed to peep coquettishly at the reverent gentleman.

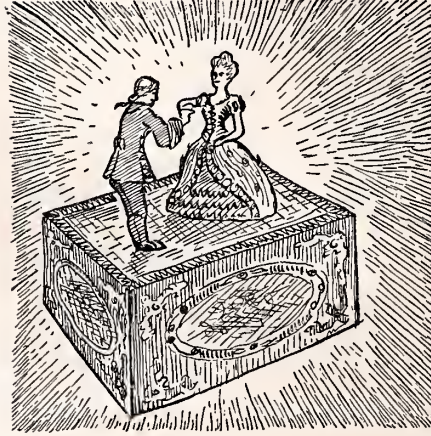
The child now lifted the golden lid tenderly, and after touching a tiny key inside the box, again replaced the top.

There was a moment of breath-taking silence, and then . . . the music.

It was like a rainbow, or a cascading water-fall, or a sunrise, a sunset; like an April breeze, the call of a bird, the humming of the night wind in the trees. It was all of these. Nothing lovelier had been or ever will be heard. It seemed as though all the angels and all the fairies had striven together to make one perfect song.

As the laughing, lilting melody progressed, the tiny figures atop the box came to life.

The little maid drew her fan away, revealing a lovely little porcelain face, with cheeks of palest rose and eyes of deepest blue. The gentleman bowed even lower and then slowly straightend, adjusting his snowy ruffles.





The lovely lady, swaying ever so slightly to the enchanting music, seemed just then to drift into his waiting arms. They danced.

There were all the graceful motions of the world, of the universe, in that one dance. They dipped and swirled, and glided and swayed, while the music itself inspired the graceful motions through its true, clear notes.

All other movements everywhere seemed to have stopped for this moment, to watch a more perfect motion. All other sounds had ceased, and the limpid notes floated from the golden music box into the waiting world where they remained in the tinkling of a brook or the whispering of locust leaves.

The child sat watching breathlessly, his rapt eyes never leaving the tiny figures, and his breath just barely caressing his lips, for, so afraid was he that all this beauty would pass if one sound were made, he scarcely dared to breathe. But all his precautions were in vain, for soon the sweet symphony ceased, and the dancers slowly separated and drifted silently apart.

As the last golden note echoed upon the air, the little fan was again before the porcelain face, the gentleman again bowed low.

After that one joyous moment together, was it any wonder that the maiden's eyes held crystal tears, that her cheeks were no longer rosy, and that her whole exquisite being seemed wilted as a flower?

Was it any wonder that the gentleman's face held a look of infinite sadness? For now, another hundred years must needs pass before the music would again sound from the precious golden box—a hundred years before he could again take the maiden in his arms and dance.

The child was crying broken-heartedly, begging his mother to play the fairy music again, but the mother only laughed and placed the box upon a shelf.


"You are only imagining things," she told the child. "The music-box has not played for a hundred years, and it will never play again."

Then did the lady and gentleman laugh quietly to themselves, for they knew.

It grew dark upon the shelf and they settled themselves among the dust and cobwebs, to wait another hundred years.

# Comfort, Please!

By ROBERTA GOULD

“LAUDIA, for goodness sakes hurry and come over. I'm just dying to show you that pair of pumps I saw advertised in the paper,” I shrilled over the telephone to my best friend.

For days we had been arguing with our mothers about being allowed to wear high-heeled shoes to a very special tea to which we were invited. As it is in many families, both of our parents considered us entirely too young to begin such enterprises. Nevertheless, after a furious struggle, we obtained their permission to buy a pair of black patent-leather pumps, provided that the heels weren't too high.

Upon Claudia's arrival at my house, I thrust into her hands a piece of newspaper containing the picture of a smart looking pair of shoes, which were priced very moderately.

“This is exactly what we want!” she cried with excitement. “Let's rush down town right now before our mothers change their minds.”

So down town we hastened, and after much parading, giggling and discussing, we at length bought our long desired pumps.

The first thing I did when I returned home was open the box and peer into it zealously. After appraising the shoes for a few minutes, I proceeded to try on each dress that I owned to see which one would do my new shoes justice, while my mother watched patiently, not quite understanding my reasons for wanting to become prematurely “grown-up.” When I began strolling up and down before the bedroom mirror and making sophisticated gestures with my hands, she completely refused to proffer any further remarks about my appearance, declaring that if I had decided at the age of twelve to become a woman of the world, she would give me no advice. Not one whit repelled by her words, I continued my capers until supper time.

The day of the tea arrived at last, and after spending a full hour in preparation, I marched triumphantly out of the house, positive that I would be the center of attraction.

Claudia was waiting for me on the corner, and in high spirits we set out together, very careful to walk with an experienced air.

After walking a block and a half, I began to feel that my shoes were growing too small for my feet, and my knees would wobble in spite of all my efforts to control them.

To make matters worse, on the corner stood several of the boys in our crowd whom I was particularly interested in impressing. When we were within earshot,

one of them asked very sarcastically, "Are you advertising Dr. Scholl's Corn Plasters, or do you walk like that naturally?"

Never in my life had I been so humiliated. After that remark, I was completely disarmed. My feet felt as though knives were piercing them, the muscles in my legs were in knots, and I no longer had any control over my posture.

"Claudia," I cried in agony, "let's go home and change our shoes," to which she readily agreed.

Fortunately, in later years I have managed to bear rather than swear at high heels, but even now I always say, "Give me good old loafers every time."



## Voyage

By MARGARET MARTIN

*My books are but a cargo ship  
That carry me into the boundless blue.  
Often into a harbor I steal,  
Read and dream of friends like you.  
I meet the merry sailors there  
Who have traveled to other lands so fair;  
They tell me tales of turbulent seas—  
Which makes me wish that I were there.  
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And if I like them well enough  
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